



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600060046M



WALTER EVELYN;

OR,

THE LONG MINORITY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON :

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1853.

249. a. 353.

WESTMINSTER :
PRINTED BY J. B. NICHOLS AND SONS,
25, PARLIAMENT STREET.

WALTER EVELYN.

CHAPTER I.

I roam from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea ;
Some day more kind I Fate may find,
Some night kiss thee.

I STILL wanted three years of coming of age; but I had no one to guide or counsel me, with authority enough to be obeyed by wayward youth. So I determined to apply to Lord Winnington for an increase of my allowance, which had been hitherto six hundred a-year, and go abroad. My letter brought a prompt reply from his solicitors. They were instructed to say that all the property of the estate was

locked up; that some very extensive repairs would have to be executed at Marsden Court, in consequence of the dilapidated state in which Lord Herbert Evelyn had suffered it to fall; and that, so far from the Earl of Winnington being in a position to increase my allowance, he was actually paying the six hundred a-year now allowed for my maintenance out of his own pocket. It was therefore impossible for his lordship to accede to my request. In conclusion, I was informed that it gave Lord Winnington great pain to learn that I had already obtained money to a very large extent from low bill-brokers and others, and his lordship had made up his mind to resist all claims whatever made upon the estate for debts of any kind which might be incurred by me till I was of age. The executorship had involved nothing but the greatest inconvenience, trouble, and expense to the Earl, from the nature of the property; and he regretted to add that the rental was in anything but a prosperous or improving condition.

“So much for my riches,” said I, bringing the letter to a close. “Everybody looks on me as a young Cræsus. My father says Lord

Walter left considerably more than ten thousand pounds a-year, and I have had a pretty long minority; yet now, at eighteen, when I apply for an increase of four hundred pounds a-year to my allowance, this is my answer. And, confound Messrs. Fox and Sharpe's impudence! actually twitting me about my debts, which are not more than three hundred pounds in the world!"

I showed the letter to my uncle, who looked very grave. He was one of those men, however, who, extremely sensitive themselves, have not the smallest consideration for the feelings of other people.

"What am I to think of this, Walter?" he said. "I hope you have not been really getting in debt. I shall have nothing to do with you if you have."

"I scorn to tell you a lie about it, my Lord," said I, "I am in debt; though how it can have reached Lord Winnington's ears I don't know."

"Reached his ears!" replied my uncle angrily, for, knowing less of what was going on around him than most men, he would always appear to know more. "It has reached my

ears and everybody else's; but I thought better of you than to believe it. I am sorry I was deceived in you, Walter."

"I do not see how I can have deceived you," said I, flushing all over at an accusation my uncle was rather fond of making against people. "I knew nothing of the state of my fortune, and, imagining myself richer than I am, I have been making a present of two chargers to William Howard, who is about entering the Austrian service."

"All that present-making," said my uncle, "by the way, is very silly. I never make presents; and I see you have been sending a-a-a-a shawl," said my uncle, stammering, "to your aunt. I suppose there is some mistake about it."

"No," answered I, "there is no mistake. I bought one yesterday for my mother, and sent the other here."

"Thank you," said my uncle, uneasily. "What did it cost? because I will pay you for it."

"I really forget," returned I. "I paid for it with so many other things mixed up in a bill of my mother's."

"Oh!" continued my uncle, hesitating ;
"Ah! Well, I have told my servant to inquire
at Holmes's in Regent Street what a shawl
costs, and I hear it is from ten to fifteen
pounds, which I shall pay into your account
at—where is it? Coutts's?"

"I hope you will not, uncle," said I. (It
had cost eighty guineas.)

"I—I certainly must," replied Lord Staun-
ton, trying for all the world to look as if he
was not doing an odd, proud, ungracious thing ;
"or I can send back the shawl—eh? That will
be the best way." And so he did.

My uncle did not at all approve of my going
abroad, and strongly recommended me to enter
at one of the universities instead ; "By which,"
said he, with a good deal of truth, "you will
fit yourself much better for public life in Eng-
land, than by wasting your time in acquiring
foreign manners in Paris and Vienna. Foreign
manners are greatly against a public man in
England, I can tell you." As for Lady Staun-
ton, who had only been once to Paris before
her marriage, she was firmly persuaded I was
going to perdition, and endeavoured to induce
me to take a chaplain, to keep me from the

•

snare or Rome. She even extorted a special promise from me not to visit the papal dominions, "at least," she added graciously, "till your religious opinions are more formed."

Lord Staunton, too, who would have been a beggar by this time if he had not practised the most rigid economy all his life, thought I had done wrong in applying for an increased allowance, and it highly added to his opinion of Lord Winnington's prudence to see that he had denied my request without further parley; though he was considerably mollified at hearing that my debts did not exceed three hundred pounds, offering even to pay them at once, and leaving me to return him the money as I could.

My uncle took, indeed, in every way a great deal of trouble about me; and, independently of the additional vote or two which, he believed, my landed interest would bring to his party, he was sincerely interested in my welfare. He detained me, therefore, in London considerably longer than I had intended to stay there; and not only introduced me to most of his political friends then in power, but promoted me temporarily to the office of his private secretary, in which capacity I hardly

.

enjoyed a moment's respite from labour night or day.

The number of letters I had to read and answer daily is almost incredible; and then such rambling, incoherent propositions as many of them contained. Oh! ye *oi polloi*, who envy the easy berth of a minister! if ye did but look at his library or office-table of a morning, and see the heaps of letters that strew it, every one of which must be answered (if it be possible to make out the address and signature), on pain of being abused all over the country for discourtesy! Faith, it is lucky for men in office that they have been still allowed to send and receive their letters free! They certainly get nothing but increased expense by their places as it is; but three months of a minister's postage would swallow up his year's salary, table allowance and all, without anything else whatever.

Thus, independently of all sorts of private claims, hard to be refused, though often made on behalf of unqualified people enough, one man would write to ask for a pension, because his great-grandfather's second cousin, he believed, had been coachman to Queen Anne;

but, as he was not sure about it, he enclosed his certificate of baptism, with the marriage-papers of his father and grandfather, hoping that they might, at least, satisfy "Her Majesty's Government in Parliament assembled" (such words as these were always well spelt, because copied from the newspapers), and "prokeure him a penshun, thof never so smal."

Another, who had been consular agent at Timbuctoo, would write a fiery petition, containing about as much as an octavo volume, and in foreigner's English, calling upon my uncle's "world-known justness" to protect him from the oppression of the Consul-General, who had suspended him, during the pleasure of Her Majesty's Government, for malpractices. These letters always contained a great many poetical quotations, in which my uncle was sure to be likened to one of the heathen deities, especially Neptune, and to be reminded "that Britannia rules the waves."

Now some enthusiast would start up, who had a notable plan for setting the Thames on fire, and roasting the sugar out of horse-chestnuts with the ashes ; and he would assure my uncle that, "taking the present price of sugar

at an average of eight pence per pound to the consumer, and the sugar so obtained, being of a finer quality, to be worth ten pence, and to be produced at a merely nominal cost, and in a quantity to which, from the number of horse-chesnuts to be procured, no limit could be assigned, it was plain that we might at once give up our West India colonies, with the expensive staff of governors (this class of letter-writers were mostly radicals), &c. &c., and be able to supply the whole world with sugar." Perhaps something like two million pounds sterling would be named as the price Government ought, in justice, to pay the genius who suggested such a grand commercial experiment.

Then the bogs of Ireland,—how I did hate those Irish bogs!—out of my uncle's whole daily correspondence, I believe, at least a third of it came from Irish gentlemen in difficulties, and who had all some astounding expedient for making Ireland a complete Utopia out of hand. Their facility of invention, the richness of their imaginations, and the ornaments and quotations from every possible and impossible source which they dragged into their letters, was surprising. An Irish gentleman thought

nothing of a proposition to get gold out of peat; "and, 'faith, my lord, by these means you will do away with all taxation just entirely, and Ireland take the place she ought to do in the scale of nations.

"First flower," &c. &c.

Then we had another class of correspondents, whose letters were obliged to be handed over in bundles to the Police, and from the writers of which my uncle's house was continually in a state of siege. Some of them were from foreigners, who had written a work in the Dahomey language on the constitution of England, and whose merits my uncle had not immediately recognised by appointing them Consul of Tommy Tiddler's land, with the thanks of Parliament (these constitutional gentry all wanted to be made consuls). Then a draper's apprentice out of employment would demand that five hundred pounds should be placed in the hollow of a tree in the park, or my uncle should remember Thistlewood (a great hero with the vulgar), and not forget the fate of Julius Cæsar. A low attorney, who had been struck off the rolls, offered to reveal

a dark conspiracy that was hatching against my uncle, and that was to end in his assassination unless my uncle *instantly* used his influence with the Lord Chancellor to get him (the low attorney) readmitted, and sent him compensation for the injury that had been done to him.

Wild, long-haired refugees would even thrust their armed hands through my uncle's carriage-windows, or waylay him going out to dinner, and he would have run great risk of being murdered four or five times a-week by madmen of this kind, if it had not been for the prompt interference of a policeman in plain clothes, who always accompanied him like his shadow.

The letters, however, were the lightest part of my duties, for I was obliged to receive all kinds of people who thought proper to make personal applications on subjects equally extraordinary. I remember one foreign Jew who, after looking round the room in a mysterious manner to ascertain that we were alone, made an impudent attempt to bribe me to get him a contract for supplying the navy with lucifer matches; and another who came all the way from the interior of Russia, with a dirty money-

bag in his bosom, to endeavour to obtain the removal of the obstructions at the mouth of the Danube by the talismanic influence of its contents. The government were thought able to do anything, from obtaining an ukase from the monocrat of the Tartars to building a bridge from London to New York. I noticed, too, that most foreigners expected to obtain their object by some direct or indirect species of bribery, and my wonder soon ceased at my uncle's dislike to presents. This kind of visitors seemed to have no idea of political honesty at all. They would take out their pocket-books and finger the contents whilst talking to you, and looked upon your indignation only as a hint that the bribe was not large enough, or that you wanted gold instead of bank-notes, to escape detection.

The ladies, too ! What wonderful schemes they did hit upon, to be sure ! One, a piquante little woman, of some six-and-twenty summers, came first to my uncle's house on pretence of buying cast-off clothes from his valet, and then bribed that officer to be shewn up to his master. This being accomplished, and my Lord, who was busy in arranging his speech on the Brob-

dignag question, to be delivered that night, having left me to see what she wanted, she opened proceedings by offering me, what she called a very beautiful cabinet picture, to get her husband made a queen's messenger, or—any thing else. In vain I told her I had no power or means of doing anything ; there was no getting rid of her. For two mortal hours she tried the whole battery of her charms upon me: she rallied me, piqued me, flattered me (most impudently), laughed at me, and at last, finding every thing useless (though, indeed, I would have made her husband Lord Chancellor to get her to go away), she threw herself in a paroxysm of tears at my feet, and repeated a whole poem of prayers to me to do what was simply impossible.

It preyed upon my health at last. I grew afraid to shake hands with people lest they should attempt to leave a pocket-book with me ; and, indeed, I cannot help relating one little circumstance which occurred in this brief episode of my life, and where I was exposed to an annoyance of this kind almost ludicrous.

The servant announced a Mr. Deedles.

"Has he any appointment?" said I, looking

up from a letter I was writing to an Irish Member who had given my uncle notice that he intended to move for an inquiry into the appointment of somebody who was not an Irishman to the post of tide-waiter at Belfast.

"Yes, sir," answered the servant (bribed of course). "Mr. Deedles has an appointment with my Lord at 2 o'clock; leastways, sir, he showed me the letter."

"Shew him up, then," said I, thinking at all events Mr. Deedles was punctual; for sometimes even the hours were mercilessly trifled with; and I have often waited till six for somebody who was to have made his appearance at three.

Enter Mr. Deedles, an important-looking gentleman, not given to speaking plainly, and fond of making things pleasant.

"Good morning, sir; I suppose I have the honour of speaking—ahem! to my Lord's private secretary," said Mr. Deedles.

I bowed.

"My lud's (Mr. Deedles thought this the pronunciation used in polite society) nephew, sir, I believe?"

I bowed again, though somewhat more shortly, and with an interrogative look.

"You must have a very responsible position, sir, especially now Parliament is sitting."

I continued to look at him, and wait patiently to know what he was coming to.

"A great deal to do, sir," pursued Mr. Deedles; "now I dare say the government of a great country like this is not carried on without a great deal of—of elbow grease, sir, if I may venture to use the expression." And Mr. Deedles laughed pleasantly at his own wit, as much as to say to himself, "Bravo, Deedles! not so bad that."

"Will you allow me to ask, Mr. Deedles, what is your business?" said I, mildly looking at his card, for if I had made a mistake in the name of an Irish member I might have looked for a challenge.

"Ah!" said Mr. Deedles, with a long breath, "you government gentlemen are so fond of—of coming to the point. May I say coming to the point, sir?"

"Certainly, Mr. Deedles," returned I, feeling my prospect of a ride in Rotten Row growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less."

"Do you know, sir," observed Mr. Deedles, surveying me from top to toe with a benevolent expression of countenance ; "do you know, sir, that I have a son just of your age, and I may add very much like you ; dark—no, light hair and eyes—I never had a good notion of colour ; but when you were at the Lord Mayor's ball the other day, says Mrs. Deedles to me, says she, 'If that aint the image of our Peter-John why I am not his maternal parent.' Not his maternal parent, sir ; those were Mrs. Deedles' words, and I think they were tolerably strong."

"Really," said I, half angry and half amused, "I hope you will excuse me, but I am very much engaged. Have you anything of importance to say to my Lord ?"

Mr. Deedles' benevolence of expression at this moment was quite remarkable.

"You see, sir," said he, "my son has a talent, I may say, sir, a kind of inspiration, for the consular department of her Majesty's service."

"If you will give me his name," said I, lighting up with a ray of hope, "that is, his christian name, I will submit it to Lord Stan-

ton on his return from the House, and it will be put down on his list."

"Or the vice-consular," now pursued Mr. Deedles, without minding my interruption; "shall we say the vice-consular? my son's talents are really remarkable in that direction."

"You can send in his testimonials, Mr. Deedles, and his claims will be considered. It is my duty to inform you, however, that my Lord's list is very full, and the vacancies are very few; so that if your son has any other means of establishing himself in life I strongly recommend him to look in some other direction; that is, unless he has peculiar claims on the Government."

"Your kindness, sir," said Mr. Deedles, "goes to my heart, and I shall ever remember the honour I have enjoyed this morning in having an interview with so distinguished a young statesman."

Now when any one disgusted me in this way I had a practice of getting rid of him which was generally successful; and, thinking it high time to put it in force, I took my hat and laid my hand on the bell-rope.

"Stay, sir—one moment!" said Mr. Deedles,

who evidently thought himself a first-class diplomatist. "So then you don't think my son has much—much chance, as it were, sir? Shall I say that?"

"I am afraid you may," returned I, softened at the prospect of his departure.

"Well, sir, perhaps you will allow me to call again some day next week. We need not confine ourselves to the consular or vice-consular departments. My son is equally fitted for every branch of the public service. Say a place in the Tower, or in the Custom House, now? He would do honour to your patronage, sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Deedles," said I, "you really must excuse me."

"Certainly, oh certainly, by all means. Public business, of course, must be attended to before all things. You could not now find time to take a little bit of dinner with Mrs. Deedles, and talk it over, sir? She would be delighted to make the acquaintance of such a rising politician."

"Thank you; but I am so much engaged that I fear I shall not be able to accept your invitation."

"Oh, no, sir, I dare say. Well, public business—"

And he would have detained me half-an-hour longer, but that, out of all patience, I rang the bell. Mr. Deedles was startled, but fumbled in his pocket, and then held out his hand in a peculiar manner to bid me good bye. I was unwise enough to take it, and my grasp closed on a little French *porte monnaie*.

"What do you mean, fellow?" said I, angrily, and seizing him by the coat; but Mr. Deedles made one plunge and was down the stairs in a minute.

"Edwards," said I, when the servant came in answer to my impatient summons, "follow that man instantly, and give him this trumpery with the flap of his coat, which I find I have torn off in trying to stop him. Mind, you must catch him, and tell him he has very narrowly escaped being handed over to the police."

Not a day passed without some troublesome adventure; and at last I was obliged to receive these visitors in one room, and, when I had learned their business, to walk away, for hardly

one ever knew when to go. But pleasure of any kind,—the acceptance of invitations to dinner,—or even the time for common exercise,—were almost out of the question while I was private secretary to my uncle the minister.

CHAPTER II.

DOWNING STREET.

MY short experience of official life was certainly favourable, in spite of a little too much red tapeism which still lingers from precedent and ancient usage. A great deal of business was done with a method and simplicity deserving of all praise, and I cannot say that the higher class of public servants with whom I was brought in contact had by any means easy berths enough to incur the disapprobation of Mr. Hume himself, the inventor of fourpenny pieces and the terror of sinecurists.

It is a popular fallacy to believe that the well-dressed young dandies who go every afternoon about two o'clock from Belgravia and Grosvenoria to Downing Street, and who may be recognised generally by their odd hats and the official trot, do nothing but talk nonsense, read the newspapers, and sketch caricatures of each other upon official foolscap. Never was there a greater error; not even post-office clerks are worked harder than those gay young nobles, and they never know when their work is done. Lucky for them if once a week they can contrive to slip down to Richmond or Greenwich to dinner, and far oftener must they content themselves with a hasty chop in office-hours, with perhaps a score or two of little three-cornered notes and invitations in their dressing-table drawer. They are not, indeed, quite so punctually tied to time as the clerks in the Long Room at the Custom-house, but they are at the desk quite as long, and only do a great deal more work with a great deal more good humour. Then, as for their pay, a banker's clerk in the country even would think himself insulted by it, and, as if that were not bad enough, a great many get positively no

pay at all. And yet such pushing and scrambling as there is among lords and gentles to get their sons in, and such envy and jealousy and heart-burning when a place is given away. And what is the place? It is, as I have said, hard work and little or no pay. If, indeed, a man have a vocation for politics, and take real interest in despatches and dry official returns, then to feel that he is taking a part in the world's affairs, to know the living history of the hour as it passes by, and see the great actors on the world's stage with their masks off and as they are, is an intellectual banquet which those who are not able or rich enough to enjoy it need not grudge to those who are, for the loaves and fishes have long vanished, if there ever were any. But the whole of our public servants are underpaid, they do not get anything like a fair price for their labour. A successful man in trade, or in any profession, makes as much in one year as the Prime Minister of England receives in three, and this at the lowest calculation. If a private company or a bank wants a secretary, manager, or any able man to undertake the conduct of important affairs, they must pay him from one

to two thousand a year, and cannot get a man of first class commercial ability under; but there are few, very few, heads of departments in the public service who have anything like such an income. This is wrong, emphatically wrong: it is penny economy. It is almost necessary for a man who accepts a situation of the higher class under Government to have a fortune of his own, and the higher his post the larger is the private fortune he requires. The result is a melancholy one, but there is no shutting our eyes to it: we have not the highest class of talent in the service of the public, as it should be. The members of the Cabinet are and must be, with rare exceptions, men of first-class ability, or they must give way in the natural course of things to those who are; but there the necessity ceases, or rather the necessity does not, but the fact does. Talent is not with us, as it is in America, a passport to the public service, and a journalist or an author, however distinguished, has as much chance of obtaining office as of being made King of Utopia. Two comparatively recent appointments are nearly the only instances on record to the contrary since the

days of Prior and Addison. Few appointments, however, would have any temptation for a poor man of ability, because he could earn more in half an hour by jotting down half a dozen jokes for "Punch" on a sheet of note-paper than he would receive for a week's slavery in a Government office. You may talk, if you like, of the honour and dignity of the public service, and a very fine thing it is, especially for rich men. But we do not want rich huffy servants who are perfectly indifferent whether they please us or not; we want active men who know their work, do it because their bread depends on it, and give their whole time and energies to it because they are sufficiently remunerated for doing so. And a word in your ear, Mr. Hume, though I have no grudge against you. Public appointments will cease, in the long run, to become honourable and dignified, if they are to be ill-paid, and the day will come when we shall begin to hear of sly perquisites, or something worse. If we must save money in this manner, let us diminish the number of our public servants, though I am not clear that this would be very wise, but give them, in the name of Cocker of blessed

memory, a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. Speak for them, oh manes of Adam Smith ! Lift up your voice, oh M'Culloch and Babbage !

Who respects government appointments in France ? though they are beginning to be paid even better than ours. What is a uniform throughout Germany, and Spain, and Italy, if not a badge of poverty for wealthy tradesmen and prosperous mechanics to laugh to scorn ? Would not any baker or butcher, any shoemaker or tailor, in a good west-end business, refuse his daughter to a Government clerk, with nothing but his pay, after fifteen years of service and his prospect of promotion ? If he did not, his brother the buttermilk, and his uncle the fishmonger, would laugh at him. If, then, our public servants are not to be even on a level in point of fortune with a petty tradesman, we must not expect that they will long preserve either the respect of others or their own. I am not speaking of the Post Office and the Custom House, where all salaries, with the exception of perhaps half a dozen, are at least one-half too low, and would then be underpaid, I am speaking of the very highest class of

appointments, which to be filled properly require men of great ability and untiring application.

Let us take a glance at what has been called the great abuse of our embassies and missions, still among the highest paid of our public employments. More than half our servants are not paid at all, and remain so ten or fifteen years, being obliged, at the most moderate calculation, to spend five hundred pounds a year the while. But pass this over; take it for granted that up to the age of forty (when a tradesman thinks about retiring and a seat in Parliament) a man of high attainments ought to work without pay—and work very hard too—though he may ride a thorough-bred horse and wear white kid gloves at the Opera to hide the ink on his fingers. Let us come to the paid appointments. A man at five-and-forty gets promotion at last, to the envy and astonishment of all who know him, and he receives—what? just two hundred and fifty pounds a year. If he dies at the average age of thirty-seven, after twenty years' service, which has exhausted his private fortune, his wife receives no pension. If he becomes disabled by sickness and foreign

climates, he has no retiring allowance. His expenses out to his post, even be it Mexico or Teheran, are unpaid. At fifty he may or may not be Secretary of Legation, with from four to six hundred a year,—worn out in health by change of climate, and the harass of mind consequent upon narrow fortunes and great expenses. He is now expected also to represent. His household must be on the same scale as those of the nobility of the country in which he resides; and a carriage, the expense of which alone swallows up about half his official income, is a necessity to him. He cannot go into society every evening in dirty boots; and if he does not go into society and to theatres, and wherever the public mind of a country is laid bare to him, he is of very little use indeed. What the rest of the world calls pleasure is his business; and he goes to a court ball or a minister's dinner as a lawyer goes to Westminster Hall, or a clergyman visits his poor, or a doctor his patients. What he really wishes to know is often better learned in a chance conversation at the Opera, or an afternoon ride with a member of the Opposition, than in the cabinet of the minis-

ter, or listening to the rhodomontade of the Chambers.

Let us go, however, to the minister or ambassador himself: he has either no right to his place, or he should be a man of consummate tact and ability, of great general information, and with the knowledge of European affairs and the state of parties at his fingers' ends. He should be a courteous host, a delightful guest; emphatically a gentleman, and as perfectly a statesman and diplomatist—qualities hard enough to find under one hat in this everyday world. Firm, yet conciliating; frank and open, yet never committing himself; and lastly, he has the hardest task allotted to man, for he must please two masters, his own sovereign and that of the country to which he is accredited, serving the one and loving the other. If he makes one false step, commits the slightest indiscretion in the most unguarded moment, it goes ringing over Europe, and there is no mercy for him. Let him prepare to cover his face with his toga, and fall decently, for his career is a failure—he is a lost man.

Now for his pay. Our ambassadors—we have but two—receive eight thousand pounds a

year (that is, two thousand pounds *less* than the French), if it were ever possible to ascertain what the value of foreign appointments really is, with their hundred and one separate allowances. Our ministers receive from two to six thousand ; but I venture to say that, with the strictest economy, nine out of ten are obliged to take from their private fortunes to eke out the deficiency of their official salaries. Their position places them on an equality with the highest nobility of the land, and if they are to be of any use it must do so. They are “abused all over Europe” if they do not keep almost open house ; and at all events custom is outraged if they do not dine their staff, varying from three to six, as well as any number of other guests, daily. In fact, they are forced to live in the same manner as men who have often ten times their (official) income, and to receive ten times more company.

There is one function also almost universally fulfilled by our ministers abroad,—to their honour be it said,—and that is a very general hospitality to their own countrymen. They are not obliged to do this, and the Foreign Office by no means expects it, whatever custom may

do ; but it is highly important that they should do so. Most young men of our days destined for public life very properly spend some time in travelling as a part of their education, and it is of great consequence to the future welfare and intelligence of our country that their time should be profitably spent. Now, if they are to see anything but hotels and cathedrals, if they are to be brought into contact with the great minds, with the famous lawyers and statesmen, with the renowned soldiers and eminent men of letters of foreign countries, they must be received by the British representative, or they will certainly not be admitted into any such company. In an advanced state of society like our own also, where the universal spread of education has totally annihilated all outward distinctions, the nobility of foreign countries, eminently jealous of their rank, as they always are, have a right to expect from the representative of another court not only that he shall present to them such men whose renown or social position entitle them to be generally received, and whose visit to their land confers an honour upon it ; but that they shall rigidly exclude and stamp with the ban of their

disapproval all such persons who by their conduct in their own country have become unfit for the companionship of honourable men, and thus frustrate any infamous designs which they may hope to bring to maturity in a place where their former exploits are unknown. In fact a minister's drawing-room should be a school for the higher class of travellers, in which they may be brought in contact with the distinguished men of the foreign countries they visit, to the incalculable benefit of their own ; and, as we will suppose a British representative in his official capacity to be altogether above private caprice and likes or dislikes in the choice of his guests, such of his own countrymen whose birth or attainments have placed them in the position of gentlemen should invariably be welcome, that they may thus enjoy a passport to the best society of the country they are visiting.

But the immense reduction in salaries has put it out of the power of our representatives to do this ; they cannot keep open house upon incomes varying from that of a doctor in a country town to that of a second or third rate lawyer in London, and therefore they become

aristocratic—exclusive—in their own defence, asking only such persons to their houses as are regularly introduced to them, or whose high rank renders it impossible to pass them over: while our travelling gentry pass through in crowds unnoticed, and our Members of Parliament, our lawyers, and impressionable youth, receive their lasting ideas of continental Europe from coffee-houses and tables d'hôte, from chance acquaintances in railway carriages and diligences, and the waiters at hotels; and our ministers, buckling on an armour of hauteur which sets very ill upon them, save their slender pockets, at the expense of one of the very most important parts of their utility.

The same of course applies to consuls. I have seen them even on French ground with sharp epigrams flying about plenty as summer flies, and ill-natured wit ever ready to let go a shaft at the ridiculous, heedless how it rankles. I have seen a British representative crowded—wife, children, dogs, cats, beds, and frying-pans—all into one room, with a mud floor. I have seen with my own eyes, and I can tell of, men of birth and education expected to receive travellers and maintain the appearance and

establishments of gentlemen, and whose position must have been inexpressibly painful—men to whom half a crown would have been a god-send—who were obliged to wear boots of untanned leather at a shilling a pair, and have them patched into the bargain; and yet condemned to live thousands of miles from home and kindred, exiled from civilization and all shadow of comfort, in unhealthy climates, amid plague and pestilence. So that upon the whole it is my opinion that we have gone rather too far in the way of retrenchment.

CHAPTER III.

Bonne esperance et droit en avant.

I ALMOST forgot to mention that on my return to London I found a letter from Adolphe Moncy, a flattering letter, full of all sorts of outrageous compliments, for he was one of those men who will go out of their way to do a base thing. There was not the slightest occasion for his writing to me at all, and he knew that he was acting anything but honourably when he did so. It was simply a gratuitous infamy.

One effect, however, it certainly had, and that which he perhaps least contemplated—it made me anxious to get back to Paris. De Beaumont had written to me frequently, imploring me to watch over his beloved and see

that no harm or evil came to her. His letters spoke hopefully of his own prospects and the success of the voyage, and he had received that promotion in his profession which, in spite of the croaking of dunces and dullards, always follows the brave and the gifted. Did not a right thinker always see plainly the hand of God in everything that takes place on earth, it would be wonderful how all men, sooner or later, settle into the positions in life best suited to their abilities. A dunce of high rank is perhaps born a peer. Any career in life he likes to choose is open to him, and its prizes seem sure. He might be a minister, a general, the viceroy of a great country—what not; but he has no fixed taste save for horses and cookery; and a few years after he comes of age we find him dining and driving with trainers, jockeys, and blacklegs for companions, and his great fortune gone. On the other hand, some man of talent is born in an obscure village in Scotland or Ireland. His childhood passes no one knows how, but he picks up some odd scraps of knowledge nevertheless, and begins to startle his father or master, and their simple neighbours, by his moonstruck manners and

intolerable airs. The lad is not in his right place, and is chafing like a great bird in a little cage. Another year or two brings things to a crisis. He is turned out of doors by his father, or discharged by his master ; he has got into a great scrape, and leaves his village with the reputation of a good-for-nothing ; while, for many a day, the elders turn up their eyes when they speak of him, and bless their stars their own sons are not such as he. This scrape, however, was perhaps only necessary to the progress of his future fortunes, as thunder clears the air ; and gradually, very gradually, but very surely, the wild lad begins to win name, and fame, and high place, just as he is fit for it. I do not mean to say, of course, that every apprentice who runs away from his master is a genius in disguise ; but it is a fact a moralist might wish to conceal, though a truth-teller cannot, that most of those who become men of mark in the world have begun life under unfavourable circumstances, and taken their first steps to fame and fortune through a scrape.

So De Beaumont, whom his friends had always looked upon as a wild lad, won rapid promotion in a service of which he was made

to be the ornament, as he would have done had he been born a cobbler's son instead of a count. His merit was of a kind it is impossible to look over. In whatever position he might be placed, he stood out from his companions like a giant among pigmies. I think it was Dr. Arnold who once made the remark, "that the difference between men was not so much in talent as in energy." Whoever made it, however, it was a very wise one. I believe most men could do almost anything that has been or ever will be done. But it is the iron will, the fixed object, the steady purpose that succeeds. Life never had a difficulty that could not be conquered, and the difference between clever men and dunces is—that the first overcome difficulties, and the latter are overcome by them. No man ever became renowned who had not vanquished obstacles enough to have discouraged an idler ten times over. There are few circumstances in life so fortunate that a fool can profit by them, and few so unfortunate that a wise man cannot turn them to advantage. Thus De Beaumont got his promotion simply because it was impossible to overlook him. There were men who had been longer in the service who

stood before him at the Admiralty. There were men belonging even to greater families and better protected than he was. But in the career of a very superior man there will always be one chance constantly recurring, if he waits for it, and here he is safe. There are certain positions where great interests are at stake which cannot, under even the most corrupt administration, be jobbed or filled by a dullard. Special men must be had for special service. And, fortunately for De Beaumont, such a position became vacant just in the very outset of his career. Amid dangers and difficulties of many kinds the captain of the Triton died. And he was the only man on board really competent to succeed to the command. Jealousies disappear when life and hope are at stake. Hundreds and hundreds of miles from home, he was at once recognised as the only man fitted to cope with the position, and who understood the right aims and objects of the expedition. And the first dispatches received from home, in reply to the announcement of the captain's death, brought the official confirmation of his appointment to the vacancy. In our day a man's abilities get very soon known among his

contemporaries, and the universal voice points him out for distinction, in any difficulty, in language that a minister at his wit's end is too glad to understand. And so the great man rises, and the envy and detraction that dogged his early career, like a dark shadow, disappear like the mist of a summer morning. Let no man therefore conscious of high ability ever despair, but engrave upon his heart the famous motto of the Scottish chieftain, and "bide his time," confident that it will come. I firmly believe, also, that nobody ever judges what is in a man half so well as himself, for the world waits for success. If then these pages should fall into the hands of any gifted man, weighed down by humble fortunes, let him look into his own heart honestly and ask himself if he truly believes in his own talents; if he does, those humble fortunes will mend, and greatness is in store for him, as sure as is the daylight and summer sunshine for the seed which lies buried in the soil. We have all opportunities if we know how to employ them; they come to the lowly as well as to the high-born; and there is, I am firmly convinced, no place in life which the man who is really fitted for

it will not attain; none so low but what a dullard may sink to it.

Dear De Beaumont! how I rejoiced at his promotion, for if such as he have not often many friends they have warm and true ones, which men of little minds never have. How I longed to clasp him by the hand and talk over his adventures; to listen with a quick-throbbing heart to the tale of his dangers, and grow happy with him over his escapes and successes. I wrote often to my mother about Nathalie, and still oftener to Mademoiselle D'Epernay herself, inclosing De Beaumont's letters, that she might know in all things the noble heart she had won. Her answers came frequently too, and, as nothing led me to suspect that all was not as it should be, I began to hope in her, and feel that De Beaumont might not have embarked his happiness in such a desperate venture after all. Reassured by such thoughts, I still dallied day after day in London, making excuses to myself, for indeed I had things enough to do to keep me there.

What a hold too London gets upon you; a hold which you cannot shake off. I never

liked it, but I have always found it hard to tear myself away. You get carried along by the mighty stream—rushing still onward, onward, pausing never—till all other life seems tame. What busy human hearts are beating round you! What vast schemes are growing up day by day! It seems the great centre where all the business of the world is transacted. You get weary, perhaps bewildered, but you are fascinated, and you stay. In vain Italy offers its *dolce far niente*, you grow too stern and utilitarian to think of it without contempt. The light wit and gaiety of France lose their charm for you; and your fancy lingers no longer in cloudland with the poet hearts of Germany, or with minstrel and troubadour among the olives of Spain. Yet you are not happy; you feel the chain, and it galls you, though you cannot break it.

Thus—a light-hearted youth by nature, fond of the pleasure that is sought in the ball-room and the theatre—even I grew wedded to the busy life I led as private secretary to my uncle. The heaps of letters which crowded his table every morning became a necessity to me, and I looked for the newspapers with as much

anxiety as a place-hunter, who searches the Gazette for deaths and vacancies.

I began to take interest in men and things which a month ago I should have pronounced insufferably wearisome. Even Lord Winnington grew into importance in this atmosphere; and I gradually should have believed in him as thoroughly as the other young men I lived with; for was he not on the top step of the ladder while they were on the last?

I shaved off the smart little moustaches I had brought with me from Paris, though nobody could see them but myself, and diligently cultivated the official whisker with Atkinson's bear's-grease. Even my shoes began to have the official creak in them, for I gave up boots and wore no straps. I had a coat to write in and another to go out, a bunch of keys at my watch-chain, and my head full of the dockets of despatches. Instead of dreaming as formerly of Emily and Marsden, my sleep was haunted by the commencements and endings of letters. I prided myself especially on my W's, and the manner in which I wrote the word Esquire on the address of a letter. I began even to acquire the last finishing part of

a man in office—that of writing and saying nothing in an imposing manner. At this time I could have given an opinion on the case of the Ameers of the Upper Scinde which would have been the wonder and despair of the East India Company, for it would have been equally impossible to find fault with or to understand it.

My uncle was as much pleased with me as it was his nature to be pleased with any body, and he took all the credit of my official education, as well as of my handiwork, to himself, without reserve or delicacy. I had to hunt for quotations and figures to his speeches till I knew all the blue books nearly by heart, and M'Culloch was easy reading to me. In the middle of dinner even my work had no respite, for the conversation almost invariably turned upon politics. In fact, my uncle was not quite up to his place, and was constantly hunting for hints from other people. Thus, if he got at fault on any subject, which was tolerably often, I was sent off to look for a despatch addressed by the Red Tape Office to the Sealing Wax Office some time in 1810 or 1811, on that knotty question as to the right size of

foolscap, and spent the interval between dessert and coffee searching for it.

My uncle, indeed, made a sort of aide-de-camp of me, and not even after the Opera was I free from his dry "Walter, I shall want you presently," which generally meant a little game with pen and ink for the next two hours. He was never out of harness, he did not even know what it meant, and was rapidly training me up in the same ignorance. But he was a man of iron constitution, who never tired, and I was not.

CHAPTER IV.

WHICH MAY HELP TO EXPLAIN SOME THAT
HAVE GONE BEFORE.

AN ACTRESS AT HOME.

IN the year—well, no matter when, but some time in the present century—there was a small house in Bolton Street remarkable for the smartness of its appearance. Nobody in it ever seemed to think of getting up before twelve o'clock in the day, and the lonely wanderer in that part of London who passed by No. — at an earlier hour found it as hermetically sealed as a chemist's bottle. Even the rose-coloured curtains of the kitchen windows

were still drawn at half-past eleven. The early milk-boy called not there, and the "but-cha" and "ba-ka" went silently by.

Shortly after noon, however, a showy brougham, driven by one of the neatest lads in London (cousin to his mistress), and with a thorough-bred high-stepping chestnut in the shafts, would come glittering round the corner, and stop at the little doll-house; and then a lady, with the prettiest feet ever known (according to herself and her shoemaker), came hurrying down in a terrible bustle, and evidently just out of bed, stepped into the brougham, and rattled down to the Haymarket as fast as legs and wheels could take her. It was the Giulia going to rehearsal. Then the "little darling of a house" would wake up, and open its eyes very wide indeed. Nosegays began to arrive from Covent Garden Market, and fruit three months before it ought to have been ripe, precious as gold, and with about as much flavour. Dainties from every part of London blocked up the little passage. Then came Welsh mutton from Devonshire House, with clotted cream and Aylesbury ducklings; with brown bread from a shop in the Borough;

little tiny loins of dairy-fed pork and fat Norfolk fowls from Mr. Bruce's; little wicker cases of exquisite liqueur from Justerini and Brooks's; wine from Crockford's; and *paté de foie gras* and boars' heads stuffed with pistachio nuts from Morel's: and milliners, and shoemakers, and theatrical hairdressers, and figure-makers by the half dozen, waited the "fayre ladye's" return. In short, if I were to number but one-half of the good things that came to the "little duck of a house" in Bolton Street in one morning, I might fill my book with nothing else.

Let us speak of something that was accustomed to go out of it. A tall, awkward old man, with an eye half vicious, half bewildered, and with a most undecided pair of legs, generally emerged about mid-day, and took his wicked way adown the street.

"There goes the hold Herl!" would remark a stableman of Lansdowne Passage, as he hissed over his work.

"Ha, he's a rum un, he is," would be the answer of another.

"I believe yer; one o' the right sort. I wish there was a few more on 'em."

Lord Winnington was a great hero with the vulgar, for he had all their tastes in perfection.

"Let's see," would resume the first speaker; "he's a livin' along a Sally Shirley now, aint he? Her as calls herself Mrs. Tyndal, an' has a ouse at No. — yonder there."

"That's your ticket, old un!" cries a precocious young cab-boy; "an' a noice job my gen'l'man had to get hout on his way the hother night. The Herl axed me whose cab it wor as I was a sittin' in; an' says I, 'Its Dr. Pillings's,' says I, 'as has a gone inter the nex touse.' Catch a weasel asleep, yer know, or a maeuse a jumpin' over a pike gate."

And then there would be a horse laugh, and a regular chorus purporting that "the Herl *was* a rum hun, *he* was; and Sal was a lively bird, too, in her way, that they rested insured on."

And here let me pause, to hint to lively gentlemen like the great man of our story, that, if they hug themselves with the belief that in a great town like London no one notices their little escapades, and that, unless they put up at their own houses, and have the shutters opened, and the furniture uncovered even, they

are lost in the crowd, and nobody sees what they are about, they are vastly mistaken. London, indeed, is a mighty Babylon, in which the doings at a house in Bolton Street are little known in Clerkenwell; but even London is cut up into small subdivisions, where almost as much gossiping goes on as in a Devonshire village.

Do you think, Mr. Joseph Surface, that your little establishment in Duke Street is unknown and untalked about in Jermyn Street? Do you, my Lord of Rigmarole, suppose that Clarges Street has not its eye upon the improper people who live round the corner? Why, there is the Dowager Lady Tantrums, whose son is Lord Lieutenant of your own county, and who has told her coachman always to drive out and home down Bolton Street to watch you. And young Dr. Pillings, who has his name on a brass plate in Half Moon Street, just where you leave your cab, is always on the look-out, hoping you may drive against the lamp-post, when he would be ready to render you surgical aid on the spot. Nay, since his professional eye has told him of your late apoplectic stroke, he generally contrives to have

his hat on when you drive up, and to be walking towards Bolton Street at the same time. If you were to totter only for a moment, or if even a chance wind were to take off your hat, my Lord of Rigmarole, that doctor would bleed you almost before you were aware of it. There are eyes upon you, my friend, whose owners will carry news of your backslidings through innumerable channels, till they are heard in the palaces of kings.

You little thought, now, why you were avoided at the Court ball the other evening by the Bishop of Heydownderry, and why Mrs. Alworthy, his honoured wife, looked so awful at your approach. Let me enlighten you. The story that startled the bishop came out in a conversation between a railway porter and the man at the book-stall, while the bishop and his family were waiting for the down train at ———. The railway porter has a colleague, whose father is butler to Lady Tantrums, and the name of the butler's wife was Susan Shirley. She is cousin, indeed, to Mrs. Tyndal, and so unspeakably scandalised by her goings-on that she does nothing but talk of them; receiving even black silk dresses and shawls and bonnets

by the dozen from the kind-hearted Sally with the most virtuous indignation, but wearing them in great glory nevertheless, as becomes a lady whose husband is "steward in a great country family," as she says.

The morning, however, which the reader and I have chosen to pay a visit to Bolton Street is a Sunday morning. A lovely summer Sunday, a thousand bells from a thousand steeples are calling solemnly to prayer; orderly troops of gaily-dressed people (most churchgoers dress gaily, for is not the Devil fabled to be black?) throng the streets on their way to a morning's nap on a hard seat, and in an atmosphere loaded with air that has laid stagnant for years, and been breathed over and over again by their fathers and grandfathers, till it makes even our beautiful Common Prayers sound drowsily on the lips of the clergyman, who is half stupified by it, and wonders how it is that, though he is well enough all the week, he always has a headache every Sunday morning, just when he wishes to be in the full vigour of his faculties.

Little children from mews and alley are carrying their Sunday's dinners to the bakers, and dipping their busy fingers in the rich batter-

pudding under the meat as they go along. Mrs. Lately's drunken coachman, who does a little bit of horse-dealing on his mistress's corn, has sent for his beer before the clock strikes eleven, that he may "moisten his clay," as he says, "while doctoring-up" an old screw he has bought before he is "wanted." Cabmen are chaffing each other on their posts, while cleaning their shabby harness, and gay omnibusses bound to Richmond and Hampton Court go by loaded with pleasure-seekers eating oranges and smoking cheap cigars outside, and lying in all sorts of impossible positions on the roof, to shew they are not afraid, and that a ride on an omnibus is an everyday thing with them. Lazy labouring men, stupified with beer and hard work, lounge listlessly about against posts, as they will do all day long except at dinner-time, to the woeful damage of that wonderful blue coat with brass buttons that is pawned regularly every Monday morning and redeemed on Saturday night. Flower-girls stand upon the edge of the pavement offering halfpenny bunches of violets and moss-roses for sale to humble gallants, and the marvellous Sunday bonnets of those whose fair hands are to receive

them are being delivered by tardy milliners down a thousand areas. Sore is the strife and bickering between the cook and two housemaids at the Dowager Lady Tantrums as to whose Sunday out it should be, they having lost their reckoning in consequence of my Lady having sent away her "own maid" for receiving followers. Soldiers and policemen off duty stand about at corners, punctual to their appointments; and the Parks and Kensington Gardens will soon be full of them, and gay and many-coloured as a tulip-bed with the bright dresses of chubby maidens who accompany them, and who tell how "Mistress puts upon them," and "Master is never pleased with nothing."

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Sunday at No. — Bolton Street, however, is a very different affair to Sunday bonnets and Kensington Gardens; but it is a day of rest even there, for there is no rehearsal, and will be no performance at night. Our fair Cynthia of the "minute" and her ancient admirer are seated in a room, the furniture of which may

perhaps have cost three thousand pounds; nothing can exceed the extravagance of it but its bad taste. It seems to reflect the gaudy little mind of its mistress, and its arrangement is indeed her *chef d'œuvre*. The walls are of white fluted gros-de-naples, the ceiling bleu-de-ciel with silver stars, the doors and even the shutters are of plate-glass, with handles of silver gilt. Statuettes in frosted silver, and articles of vertu innumerable, fill every inch of space, so that a visitor must hold his coat-tails and manage his pocket handkerchief artistically if he would not commit unheard-of devastation. Clocks going, nobody knows how, tick about the room, and make it lively with airs from the last new opera every quarter of an hour, while, as they all have a difference of opinion about the time, they keep up a regular chorus to the conversation all day long. Tame bullfinches and canaries hop about hither and thither in and out of the gilt cages, and a dog, for all the world like a sable muff, sits gravely before the fire, his neck encircled with ribbon at a guinea a-yard. The very windows keep out the light, as if air and sunshine were things too vulgar to find entrance there, and each pane is formed of

those pretty German transparencies, some of them being really exquisite pictures, out of place. I should be sorry to have to pay all that the mere breakfast service cost over a hundred guineas, though it matches so badly. I had seen even the plates now decorated by goose-liver pie a few days previously in St. James's Street, and ten guineas a-piece were asked for them, each bearing such an exquisite copy from some old Dutch painter, that they would have graced the cabinet of a prince.

Let us turn, however, from the room to its mistress. Though she is but just up, and has her hair in papers, her hands blaze with rings, and her arms with bracelets. She is a fine woman, a blonde, and has been pretty, that is, what would be called pretty in a chambermaid—a neat figure, an ankle especially well turned, plump cheeks, which had plenty of colour till she took to rouge, a *nez retroussée*, large surprised eyes, and not without a spice of cunning in them, and a mouth almighty. A type of her race, with no more intellect in her little head than a pigeon, she could not have kept a man of talent in her charms a month; but there are Lord Winningtons enough in the world

who will run after any woman on the stage, whose depraved and vulgar tastes glory in publicity, and like to see their fair ones in positions which would be torture to a real affection; so that the Giulia and her tribe will never be without adorers.

We are invisible, dear reader, so we will first hear what they have to say to each other for a few moments longer, for it may be necessary to the progress of our story.

"Aint you glad, duckey, that I avent to go down to that stoopid rehearsal this mornin'?" said the lady, with a stage smile, and turning up her eyes.

"Me glad? I—I—I am glad at any thing, that is, if you—hay?"

"What a dear old Rigmarole you are," cried the Giulia (mimicking him). "Hay? It is impossible to make out what you mean, you dear old thing. See ere's a letter I've got from the opperer at Paris. Why don't you take it? Hay!" and the Giulia laughed in a manner that menaced serious consequences to her staylace.

Lord Winnington would not have acknowledged for the world that he could not read without spectacles, so he looked at her with

those vicious puzzled eyes of his, and made some extraordinary attempts to hum a tune.

"That's not it, duckey," said the Giulia. "Why, you've no more idea of singing than an old boot. See if you can't follow me now. La, la, &c." And away frolicked the lady into a tune she had danced to the night before; her elderly admirer making such attempts to croak it after her that the Giulia soon lost what little patience she ever had with him.

"Bomb, bomb, bomb; why that aint it, you wretch," said she. "That aint singing. Well, am I to go?"

"Go—where? with me? If—if you—I thought, that is, you said—"

"I said, I thought, where, what. Oh, you dear old gander! Why, to Paris, to be sure. He offers me forty pounds a night."

"Go to Paris? Oh, of course; forty pounds a night is worth having. Oigh! oigh! it is more than my salary!" replied the Earl, who possessed more than his usual clearness of idea on any subject connected with money.

"But I thought you wanted me to go with you," cried the lady. "You'll never make an ambasstader (what do you call it) without me."

"Oigh ! oigh ! yes, of course, go with me, by all means."

"But how can I go with you and go to Paris too, you stoopid ducky?"

"I—I—didn't say that ; I said, oigh ! oigh ! that you, in case I should go—"

"Bub ! bub ! bub ! bub !" cried the Giulia, putting her hand before her lover's mouth ; "I shall go and follow my ducky to be sure ; an' I writ to say, 'sorry I couldn't accept, incetera, incetera.' I only did it to teaze you, old ducky. 'Ave you ordered the noo carridge for me to go in ?"

"Oh ! yes," replied the peer. "That, oigh ! oigh ! that's, oigh ! right enough."

"Yes, and mind you don't send that wife of yours, lady what d'ye call 'em, too much money ; I want some bad enough, I can tell you. An' take care she don't go in the same train with me, or get my post horses, that's all, or I'll ' my lady her ;' I'll tear her old eyes out, an' yours too. You shan't set in the same box at the opperer with her either, mind that, when you get to your place, or I'll make a row before the whole house."

The hoary old sinner chuckled at this proof

of the Giulia's jealousy, and he did all he could to appease her.

"It's all very fine, ducky," said the Giulia, crying; "but I suppose you'll be off some day, like the rest of 'em."

The peer was bursting with delight at being taken for such a gallant Don Giovanni.

"Well, ducky," said the Giulia, who began to think she had been bored long enough, "I want some money, you know, so you had better sit down there and write me a check, and make it a pretty good 'un. I can't keep 'ouse for nothing, and you eat one's head off."

The peer generally wanted a good deal of management to be brought to this point, but resistance was of little use; and, after a little delay, the draft was written and signed.

"Do you know, ducky," said the Giulia, "that your last check was refused, and I was obliged to take it in to one of the partners myself; and even then they didn't seem to like it much."

"D — all the banks and bankers," said my lord; "they, oigh! are all robbers."

"So they are, ducky; but I said I must have the money; and, as young Bullion is be-

hind the scenes every night, and is always making up to me, I bullied him out of it."

"That's the way," quoth my Lord, approvingly; "there's nothing like bullying."

"No more there aint, duckey. Now you may go out in the park a little, an' I'll send for your letters. Hanger will be 'ere too presently, 'cos I mean to let my 'ouse while we are away, and put the money in my pocket. I shall send your letters and papers and things down to Tilbury's. You don't want 'em with you, I'm sure."

Let us vanish, dear reader, we have had enough. By-and-bye we shall see what those letters were, and papers.

CHAPTER V.

MY SURPRISE INCREASES.

It was one evening, after a mess-dinner with Berkeley, and we were walking gently towards Piccadilly, on our way to one of the theatres, when he said to me, with some embarrassment, —“ By the way, Walter, old Win. keeps me wofully short of money ; I don't know whether you get on any better with him.”

“ My allowance is six hundred a year,” replied I. “ I wanted a thousand, and he refused ; yet, I suppose, I must have some money somewhere.”

"Well, all I know is," cried Berkeley, "that the Sewaphim says my pwoperty in Duwham alone ought to bwing in eighteen thousand a-year, without the Iwish estates; and, between you and I, when I wanted some money the other day, I wather think he went down to Duwham to look at it."

"Well, did he let you have any?" asked I.

"That was what I was coming to," returned Berkeley. "The fact is, my dear Walter, I lost more heavily than I ever mean to lose again on the Chester Cup, which was wun for last week, and some of our fellows have been bowwowing a good deal of me, so that I am weally in a fix."

"That's rather a bore," said I, languidly.

"Yes it is; for the dooce of it is that they can't pay when one wants it back,—many of them. Now the Sewaphim says he can get me anything I want from a fwiend of his, for just now he has no money himself; but his fwiend always will have two signatures to the bills he does."

"I don't quite understand you," said I.

"Why," continued Berkeley, "he has hitherto dwawn bills on me for what money I

wanted and I have accepted them. He would do so now himself, but this friend of his (it is some fellow who lives in Paris) insists upon another name besides my own."

"And won't mine do?" said I.

"To be sure it will, my dear fellow," replied Harcourt, "that's just what I was going to ask you. The Seraphim says it's only a matter of form. It must be a good business that bill broking. I don't think I can have had more than two or three thousand pounds in all, including the price of a dog and four horses I was ashamed to be seen in, for nearly every man in the regiment had had it by turns; and a lot of the loudest wings and studs you ever saw in your life. My servant wears some, and the rest I was obliged to give away."

We both laughed heartily at the Seraphim's way of doing business (and his clients); and as we passed the Opera Harcourt resumed,

"By the way, we are sure to find him in here; let's get it done at once and there'll be an end of it. It's devilish good-natured of you, Walter; Caldwell and little Tom Stapleton both refused me."

So saying we entered what is certainly the

first temple of song in the world; and there, sure enough, was the Seraphim, in the midst of peers and ballet-girls, roués, and artists of almost every grade and degree. He seemed, by turns, the butt, the terror, or the crony of most of them.

It must be confessed, however, that the Seraphim had a most gentlemanly and off-hand way of doing business, and Berkeley, who was extremely hard-pressed for money, or fancied he was, had no sooner mentioned his business, than he said,—

“To be sure, my dear boy. Do it at once, if you like; or shall I bring the money down to your rooms to-morrow morning. I have got the most delightful little cab horse,—the sweetest stepper you ever saw,—that I should like you to look at. I can’t sell him, but I should like to have your opinion. By the way, you young dog, I take it you have been making a conquest of the Giulia; she is dying to see you again. But where’s your kite, and whose name have you got to it.”

“Here it is,” said Harcourt, “and Evelyn will put his name to it at once.”

“Humph!” quoth the Seraphim, stroking

his chin. "You see I've not got the money myself, or I would do it in a minute for either of you. But this confounded French fellow is so dooced particular."

Berkeley's countenance fell like the mercury of a thermometer on change of weather.

"I'm afraid," continued the Seraphim, "that Mr. Evelyn's name won't do, for my friend holds so much of his paper already."

"Bah!" said I. "I never signed a bill in my life, Mr. Lewis."

"Not one at a time," replied the Seraphim, laughing in a very unpleasant and familiar manner. "Not so bad, that. I see, Sir Harcourt, Mr. Evelyn will make one of us by-and-by."

"I do not pretend to understand your wit, Mr. Lewis," said I; "nor am I in the habit of saying one thing and meaning another, for I see no difference between equivocation and lying."

"Humph!" quoth the Seraphim.

"Well, do you mean to let me have the money, or not, Lewis?" asked Harcourt.

"I— I would let you have it in a minute, my dear boy, but I have not more than a

hundred pounds in the world at my banker's, nor shall I have till next month ; but if that is any use to you you shall have it at once. I can borrow it of Jacobi in a minute till the bank opens."

"One hundred pounds won't pay eight," quoth the baronet, logically.

"Oh, but you can get another signature in a day or two ; I would back the bill myself, but I don't want Jacobi to know I am short of money. However, I will ask somebody myself who will satisfy him if you can't find any one to do it."

"Dooceed good fellow, the Sewaphim," said Harcourt, when we left that worthy. "I can't see why your signature wouldn't do, though. Do you ?—such a wick fellow as you !"

"Impertinent scoundrel !" said I, "I meant to have borrowed some money of him myself too, as he asked me the other night if he should lend me any."

"Want some for going abwoad, eh ? You shall go halves in any thing I get, Walter."

"Thank you," said I, "I need not do that either ; my father will let me have what I like when I get to Paris."

"Do you like Pawis ?" asked Harcourt, "one

gets wid of no end of money there. But don't go abroad yet, old boy, I shan't know how to get on without you."

And now, as I am about to take the reader with me into foreign parts, let me, in chronicling the last remark of the thoughtless and kind-hearted young guardsman, that "one gets rid of no end of money in Paris," and remembering the wish I had at that time to start on the tour I proposed taking with as full a purse as possible, turn aside a moment from my story to consider what a young man setting out on a tour through Europe really does want in the way of money and other things to carry him pleasantly through.

In the first place, let him by all means take a good travelling servant if he can afford it. It will add to his expenses, but the comfort and advantage of it are incalculable. He may get plundered also a few pounds at the end of the journey, but, if he is alone, his inexperience will cost him infinitely more. As a rule, a gentleman and his servant may travel leisurely through Europe for two pounds a day, for though, when actually on the road, his expenses will of course be more, yet in any of the con-

tinental towns he may live for less than half, and in remote places for a third. A servant also abroad is not the fearful tax on a youngster's allowance that he is in England, and the curious institution of board wages is completely unknown. A first-rate man servant may be got for four pounds a month, finding himself in every thing, and will be anxious enough to do his duty; for, if you discharge him, he has no hope of getting much more than half from one of his own countrymen. You let him have a room in your hotel, and consequently pay for it, for your own comfort, but otherwise you have nothing to do with him, and he dines at his own expense for six pence as well as he would at yours for half a crown. The best, that is the pleasantest, way is to make him pay all bills, and write down every item in a book, so that you can go through them, one by one, when you feel in the humour. By so doing you will save yourself all sorts of trials of temper and fruitless attempts to make yourself understood, in resisting what you fancy to be imposition, and which perhaps is not. You will get rid of all those petty annoyances that clog the wheels of travel and make it a constant suc-

cession of quarrelling, worry, and bustle to your dull, penny-wise fellows. Instead of being bothered to look after your passport and your luggage in the midst of grand scenery and pleasant thoughts, and having your hands always filthy and your dress disordered in opening and shutting trunks, as well as your temper chafed and fretted all day long, you become an observer instead of an actor, and those little difficulties about passports and custom houses are an amusement to you, while, if alone, you would find them intolerably irksome.

To start on your journey with as little luggage as possible is a golden rule, though every one habitually moving in good society should never travel without a uniform, or he will sometimes find himself excluded from sights he would have wished to witness. Luggage, however, is paid for by the pound on most continental railways, and often none at all is allowed in the fare. Therefore it is infinitely cheaper to buy new things as you want them than to carry many about with you.

A traveller who is not running a race against time, should, I think, always halt a month, or even longer, at any considerable place, for it is

impossible to carry away a good idea of it in less time. While actually travelling, it is as well to make any pause of a single night at an hotel frequented by your own countrymen; for foreign hotels, unused to receive English people, are full of such wild legends respecting the length of their purses and the barbarity of their manners as make their landlords almost as dangerous to meet as banditti. On one occasion, at Rouen, I was charged thirty francs for a bottle of claret by a landlady, who, as she told me on my remonstrance, had never seen "*une bête de mon espece*." But for any longer stay the hotel frequented by the English should be especially avoided, for it is always the dearest in the place. Language masters are of little use, unless you make companions of them, and they are troublesome if you do. If a traveller therefore is determined to become a linguist, let him shut himself up resolutely among the natives, take a servant of one of them who cannot speak a syllable in any tongue but his own; then buy the best grammar and dictionary to be had, and settle to his task. The first day will teach him the construction of a phrase, and then, with an occasional peep into

the grammar, he will get on well enough. He should read the local papers constantly, and puzzle out their contents by the help of his dictionary, and go to the theatre regularly every night, to accustom his ear to the pronunciation. I do not know any language obstinate enough to resist a six weeks' attack of this kind, though silly people enough may have lived in the country twenty years without acquiring it.

Letters of introduction are valuable things, and no traveller who can by any possible means obtain them should go abroad without, especially in the present state of Europe ; and, if you would get a good idea of a country, you cannot know too many people. But if a traveller be unprovided in this respect, he not only may, but it is expected that he will, call upon all the inhabitants of a place in which he intends to make any stay. This I may mention, for the edification of country cousins, is done by merely leaving a card, which is generally returned by a personal visit, and thus the acquaintance begins. Sometimes in capitals, indeed, men of high rank will not call personally on people they do not know, but in such places a traveller will of course

take care only to call upon persons of his own rank, and when he has some reason for seeking their acquaintance. In all less considerable places, however, his visit will be very generally returned, and, if he can give a satisfactory account of himself, he will be very well received. It is needless to say travellers will always do right in leaving a card at their own Embassy or Consulate, or, if there be neither, upon the resident English clergyman, whose acquaintance is generally a passport to the society of the place.

It is as well, also, to take a letter of credit for as large a sum as possible, besides bank post bills, circular notes, or any other money you think best, for your current expenses, for it puts you above the suspicion of there being a possibility that you may be a *chevalier d'industrie*, and you will be generally well received by the bankers to whom your letter is addressed ; besides you never know what may occur. An Englishman travelling in Syria, suddenly received letters from home, recalling him suddenly upon urgent business. His return positively admitted of no delay, and he

had made such expensive purchases that he had nothing like money enough left for his return.

In this dilemma he went to a native banker, who, finding that he had taken out a letter of credit with him for three thousand pounds, immediately offered to let him have any sum he needed.

Bank notes and post bills go everywhere, and to my thinking are better than circular notes, for hotel-keepers or any one else will take them, while every other species of money obliges a visit to a banker, and this may be inconvenient to a man pressed for time. It is always as well, too, to have a supply of sovereigns or French louis in a corner somewhere, that when you are near the frontiers of a new country you may not be obliged to take more of the currency of the state you are leaving behind you than is absolutely necessary.

I do not know where these hints would stop, if I mentioned all that occur to me. There are a few more, however, which may still find a place. If a traveller would escape observation, and sometimes even insult, he should not

go about in those astonishing costumes which are generally thought travelling dresses. A black coat and waistcoat, and grey trousers, will take him pleasantly everywhere, but in Russia, where, if he have a uniform, he had better put it on.

In all countries he cannot be too strict in complying with the passport regulations, and scrupulously respecting the local laws and customs; and any propensities to horse play, or silly ridicule, will be worse received than any thing else he can possibly do.

Foreigners generally have an idea that we are stiff, proud, unfeeling people, and have quite as many laughable stories illustrative of their view of the question, as we can possibly have about them. If an Englishman, therefore, is good-humoured and unaffected, if he tries to be obliging, and adopts, without criticism, the manners of the place he is living in, they will be agreeably disappointed, and he will be received with open arms; otherwise every door will be closed against him. Much expense or display of any kind also tells against him, and it is as well not to give expensive

dinners at hotels, it will frighten people from returning them. A moderate stock of common sense, and good taste, however, will carry even an Englishman through anywhere, though we are not popular.

CHAPTER VI.

He labour'd many a fruitless hour
To satisfy his friends in power.

My uncle made still another effort to detain me before he let me go ; and, though it was made after his own peculiar fashion of doing things, it was meant kindly. I cannot, indeed, recal his conduct to me throughout, at this time, without very grateful feelings. Lord Staunton was always at his post in life. He was not troubled with any very fine feelings or troublesome delicacy towards others, but he did his duty strictly ; and just as twenty years previously he had endeavoured to save my father from going what he conceived to be the

road to ruin, so he now tried to stay my steps from hastening in the same direction.

"Walter," said he, decisively, to me one morning, when I had pleased him rather more than usual in fulfilling my duties as his private secretary,—“Walter, I do not like this scheme of yours at all about going abroad for any length of time. If you want rest, go to Paris for a month. I have no objection, and you may return, perhaps, all the fresher.”

“But,” said I, “I wish to go further than Paris. I wish to travel. I hope you see nothing wrong in it; everybody else tries rather to encourage than to dissuade me.”

“That may be, Walter,” replied my uncle, haughtily, and, turning his back towards me as he walked to the window,—“that may be; and I don’t choose to argue the point with you.”

“I shall feel very grateful,” said I, “to know your wishes on that or any other subject; and I should certainly shew my respect for them in the best possible way by attending to them.”

My uncle was mollified. I had taken him upon his weak point, unconsciously; for I had

grown used to him, and liked him. Indeed, he had long ceased to have intimate relations with anybody but General Howard who did not shew him implicit obedience ; and all arguments against his opinions first astonished and then chafed him.

"Well, Walter," he replied, "if you wish to have my advice I will give it you. In the first place, I think then that you have just the sort of abilities that succeed in official life. Lord de Vere, the Duke of Middleton, and Lord A. (whom I do not like, though he holds a high place in the House of Commons), have all spoken to me about you, and seem to have a high opinion of your capacities. Then you will be rich enough to hold office ; and now, as my private secretary, you are obtaining an excellent introduction to it.

"Besides," continued my uncle, seeing that I remained respectfully silent, "if you were to persist in your intention of going abroad for any length of time you throw away all your present opportunities ; and I should be sorry to see you get into any contemptible foreign habits, and an idle and worthless way of life."

"I hope," I answered, "that if I had gone

abroad I might have employed my time otherwise than in picking up vices."

"Perhaps you might," replied my uncle, drily. "But I should still have had to warn you of one thing, and that is, of frittering away two or three of the very best years of your life. Young fellows of fortune, such as you are to have, very often think they may waste their time with impunity; but they can hardly fall into a greater error. The richer an Englishman may be—the higher his social position—the greater is the necessity that he should endeavour to be useful, or he will inevitably fall into contempt. No money, no rank, no talents, can compensate you for the want of employment; and, I assure you, public life, properly understood, requires more careful study and preparation, and, finally, longer habits, than any other profession whatever. Unless, therefore, you enter your career early, and pursue it steadily, you will be always finding yourself at fault by-and-by, and passed in the race for distinction by duller but steadier men.

"Again—for since you have asked my opinion I will give it you fully—although you

have great interest to push you on, and I am in the Cabinet, this is rather a reason for your working harder than another man, and trying more strenuously to render yourself fit for public employment; for I tell you frankly, that I neither can nor will give it you till you are. Were it otherwise, you are not, after all, much better off in these respects than many others, therefore your position will have to be decided by two things, either superior ability or length of service. Now I never will believe in the superior ability of anybody. (Here is where my uncle was wrong through life.) Ability is merely application,—sheer hard work; and if you go away to play, while others remain at their posts, I will never put you over their heads when you condescend to return to your business again. The time you will lose therefore, remember, will throw you into the back-ground for the rest of your life.”

“But,” said I, “though I will at once give up my intention of going abroad, in obedience to your wishes, I had little idea of following such a course of life as you point out, and have, at least, no occasion to be a place-hunter.”

“Nonsense!” returned my uncle, “every man must have a profession, as I said before, if he would be either happy or respectable ; and the higher he rises in it the better, of course. You would not run about the world doing nothing, I hope,—at best but the oracle of drawing-rooms and the hero of parks and prados ; and become, at last, either a sickly sentimentalist or a foreign roué. I hope you don’t think Lord Byron or Mr. Beckford people peculiarly worthy of imitation ? The reputation of a palace in Italy, and a book of poems, is the most contemptible I know of, and is pretty sure to be coupled with the still more damaging one of eccentricity. The time for all that nonsense is gone by, I trust, in England.”

This was knocking down some of my ideas rather roughly ; for, in thinking of going abroad, the image of Byron rowing on the Lake of Como, and Vathek gazing on the dead face of Charles the Fifth, having asked the boon as the only thing a king could offer him worth acceptance, had mixed themselves up a good deal in my thoughts, and I was already contemplating a descriptive poem after the

manner of Childe Harold, and a journal such as Beckford kept in Spain. (What a failure both would have been!) Here, however, came my uncle, and swept down my castles in the air like so many cobwebs; and literally shook all such romantic fancies out of me by the roughness of his handling.

"I am very glad I have stopped you from starting on such a wild-goose chase," said he, in conclusion, "and have been intending to speak to you about it some time. I shall ask Earl Mandeville, the Marquis of Rutland's son, who is anxious to get an introduction to office, to fill your place while you are away; and, on your return, I shall have your appointment as my private secretary formally made out and officially announced; so let me see you back again, my boy, as soon as possible."

I promised compliance, and the next minute my uncle's shoes were creaking importantly down the stairs, and then, looking out at the window before I returned to my work, I saw him going forth to Downing Street, at the official trot, umbrella in hand for his baton of command, and an expression of more than

usual satisfaction was on his hard, passionless face.

I do not know how it was that my uncle's opinions upon this subject changed, for he was not one of those who altered his convictions lightly ; but change they did, and within a week after this conversation he conveyed his altered ideas to me in a manner which then seemed to me all his own, but which I have seen practised often enough since. Indeed, it was too simple and effective not to find imitators, even if he had been the author of it ; for it consisted in the simple proceeding of refusing to remember that he had ever expressed any previous views upon the subject at all.

"Well Walter," said he to me, therefore, at dinner one day, and speaking quite briskly and cheerfully for him, "my lady and I shall expect to see you quite a polished diplomatist when you return from your foreign travels."

"Oh !" returned I, "I have quite given up that idea, you know."

"Given it up !" said my uncle, "Oh ! that would be chicken-hearted indeed ; never give up anything, or you never will get on in the world. Never turn back half way, or I shall

be ashamed of you! Come, when do you start?" added my uncle, laughing.

I did not quite know what to make of him, and I hesitated, and was silent, for I half thought he was making fun of me, as he sometimes did, though rather in a clumsy way—just as an elephant might try to dance. He soon, however, put all doubts about his meaning to flight.

"You will be quite a foreigner, Walter, in two years; but I'll forgive you if you don't put your hair in paper. Do you remember that absent fellow, Villeneuve, Margaret, who came down to breakfast at Evelyn one day in curl papers?"

"Yes, dear, to be sure I do," replied Lady Staunton, delighted to see her lord in such high spirits; "but Walter does not want anything of that kind, he has such beautiful hair."

"Has he?" said my uncle. "Well, I suppose he curls it now and then, so that he won't have that to learn. Eh! Walter, do you? You see he grows quite red; to be sure he does."

I remember, however, that I stood up for

the natural curl of my hair, and my unele went on.

“Oh then, we won’t say you curl your hair; very well. I’m glad of that, you would never do for office if you curl your hair; and I mean to look out for a warm berth for you before you come back. What should you like now—diplomacy? If you would, I will appoint you somewhere at once, so that your time of service may be going on, and then you shall have leave; so you shall, and I shall look upon you as my successor by and by, and push you on, eh?”

I had a sort of idea that my unele would not care to be reminded just then of his former conversation, and so I was silent, reading in his altered tone in other respects merely a desire to get out of his old advice handsomely, nor was I deceived, for conscience seemed to be pricking him as he resumed.

“Well, of course you will want some money; travelling is expensive work, eh? What shall I give you? You can pay me again you know by-and-bye. Will five hundred or a thousand pounds be of any use? and I must pay that debt at Anderson’s for you.”

And after dinner my uncle broke through his custom of never sitting over his wine when we were alone, and pushed the bottle to me quite jollily, talking to me as affectionately as a father all the time, and told me, "if I ever wanted any money, in moderation, while away, to apply to him ; and, if you are a good boy," he added jocularly, "and mind what you are about, I will ask Winnington next year to increase your allowance. You had better call on Lord A—— too before you go, as you know him, and he has taken a fancy to you ; there will be plenty of time by and by for you to mix yourself up in political quarrels, you need not begin now; and, I dare say, he may have something to say to you worth hearing, and will, at all events, give you a handful of letters of introduction, which you may find useful, as, I believe, he knows almost every body in Europe who is worth knowing at all."

It being determined, therefore, that I was to set out on my travels, the next few days were spent in preparations for my departure ; and I remember, with a sigh, how I encumbered myself, and what very silly and useless things I bought. I took an English servant, who left

me at Calais, because he could get no tea and was afraid of frogs. And I provided myself with almost as great a wardrobe as fixed eternal ridicule on Lord Clive, whose two hundred shirts have become matters of history. There is no end to the things I bought, from umbrellas and Mackintoshes, shawls and great coats, down to travelling caps, India rubber shoes, and seven-barrelled pistols.

It was quite an amusement for Berkeley to go about with me, and take me to all sorts of useless tradespeople, who sold me compasses, I am sorry to say, my education at Harrow had not taught me how to use, and expensive little pedometers for measuring the number of steps I might take in a day, a machine so ingenious that it is enough to make a man nervous to think about it.

Then came the weary business of leave-taking and leaving P. P. C. cards, which kept us driving about very vigorously, and was quite a *treasure trove* to Sir Harcourt, in the way of something to do, and gave him an excuse for a round of regular good hard visiting in accompanying me. I am not quite sure that people always knew what to say to us when we

called, and I think one or two thought us a bore, and believed in their hearts that I might have gone away very well without saying anything about it, and not have been missed, at least by them: but, as I was only complying with an established custom of society, they were obliged to submit to be bored with a good grace.

Not always, however. I was surprised to find how many little enmities one unconsciously makes in society; and it seemed I had made some which I should never have suspected but for this unnecessary ceremony of bidding good bye to indifferent people, and which caused me to pay visits to persons who were at war with me, though I did not know it. One lady was angry with me because my uncle had refused to promote her son two steps at a time. Another because her husband's name had been accidentally left out in the invitations to a parliamentary dinner. Another because I had gone to a ball at her sister's in boots instead of shoes, and a black handkerchief instead of a white one. Another disliked me because I was a favourite with a rival party-giver; and another, because I had neglected to bow to her in

the Park, and, being near-sighted, had not recognized her at Chiswick. One took a dislike to me because somebody else, to whom I unfortunately bore a resemblance, had quarrelled with her cousin, to whom she was to have been married before I was born. Indeed there was no end of the people who were so fond of hot water that they got into it altogether gratuitously and out of mere love for it. Who has ever gone through the world without finding his own cause taken up much more warmly than he desired, and remembering Wilkes's witty rebuke to some too zealous partizan, "*For my part I never was a Wilkite?*"

I remember one instance particularly. A little incident had occurred months previously which had caused a momentary coldness between Berkeley and me, though we both forgot the whole affair twelve hours afterwards. There had been some discussion about the shape of a horse-shoe, the right size of a hunting-saddle, or some trifle of the sort, and we both took different sides of the argument, which, in consequence of our having drunk rather too much wine, had grown unnecessarily warm—that was all. The circumstance happened, however, at

a mess dinner, and there was present a young officer named Dering, who had just joined the regiment. I remarked at the time that he took Berkeley's side of the question in rather an unpleasant manner, but there I thought it had ended. Not a bit of it; he had conceived a great friendship for Harcourt; admired his horses, his shooting, his acquaintances at the Opera, and even his budding moustaches, and the cut of his waistcoats. In a word, Harcourt was just his idea of the very model of what an officer and a gentleman should be; and so it occurred to my young friend that the most frank and sincere way in which he could shew his admiration was to go about abusing me all over London, in consequence of the part I had taken in this petty dispute. And, warm-hearted, affectionate, imaginative, and sensitive as he was, it is but justice to him to say, that he acquitted himself so completely, that if Harcourt had ever heard but half of the invectives launched against me he would never have spoken to him again.

Now, knowing nothing of this, and having been almost as intimate at Harcourt's mess as if I had belonged to the same regiment, I hurried

up very unceremoniously to Dering's quarters, brushed past his servant, and was just going to bid him a hurried good bye, for I heard the impatient pawing of the cab-horse below, and had my hands full enough, as it was my last day in London. The young man received me very haughtily, however, and when I stretched out my hand refused to take it.

"What's the matter Dering?" said I, "you are not offended at any thing, I hope."

Silence.

"Well, if you are, I am very sorry for it, though, upon my honour, I cannot remember how or why?"

Silence still.

"Well, I just ran up to bid you good bye, for I am going abroad to-morrow, and I would not leave without seeing you,—but tell me frankly what is the matter? You won't? well, I am very sorry."

"There is nothing the matter with me," replied the young man, stiffly, "but any one who quarrels with my friend quarrels with me, and since you chose to quarrel with Sir Harcourt Berkeley"—

"With Harcourt?" said I, laughing, "why

we are the best friends in the world; he is waiting for me down stairs in his cab, and would not come up because he was too lazy."

"My dear Evelyn, what a fool I have been," said the young officer; "I thought you were on bad terms, and that is why I have never called on you for this month past."

"Well," answered I, "I am very glad it's all out, at all events; good bye."

"Good bye," answered Dering, blushing very much, and pressing my hand warmly.

Poor Dering! with his sensitive, warm heart and incurable propensity for doing impertinent things, he was destined to some hard rubs in life, and he died sadly enough.

My uncle and Lady Staunton took leave of me warmly, and he was as good as his promise, handing me a letter of credit on his bankers for one thousand pounds. But one little incident more I must mention before I take leave of England, and that is, that while breakfasting at Dover, and looking lazily over the newspaper, an announcement caught my eye, which seemed at least to help to explain something of my uncle's sudden change of opinion. It was the offi-

cial publication of Lord Mandeville's appointment as his private secretary ; and in another part of the paper was a little paragraph, stating that, with the accession of the Marquess of Rutland's powerful party in the Lords, there was now no longer any doubt that Ministers would be able to carry the Brobdignag question triumphantly through both houses, the Marquess being the holder of some score or two of proxies, at the least.

From all of which, I am inclined to think, that, in advising me to stop at home and remain his secretary, my uncle spoke simply as he thought, and as a very large and respectable class of people, who resemble him, also think, rightly or wrongly ; and that, in changing his opinion, he had made another sacrifice to the Juggernaut of office, and had given up his idea of "the right" for that very slippery substitute, "the expedient."

I think I have met with a great many people going through life, who are acting every day in similar circumstances, very much like my uncle the minister,—and very worthy people too, for the matter of that, as times go ; though you, ma'am, who have just married your daughter to

an elderly gentleman that you may continue to ride in your coach; and you, sir, who have had a hand in making those sheep-walks in Scotland, and are trying to persuade your son to cut off the entail to pay your debts, may not agree with me.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHAPTER FOR THE CRITICS.

THE result of my leave-takings, and the remembrance of poor Dering, sets me thinking upon what a French philosopher would perhaps call "*L'art de se faire aimer*,"—the art of making oneself liked. Nothing indeed is so capricious as popularity in society. Any man of honour, and even moderate acquirements, may obtain the respect of the world in which he lives, and, indeed, is nearly sure to do so; but popularity is a very different thing. Many of the most immaculate people I have known in the world have been the most thoroughly disagreeable, while good-for-nothings are nearly always pleasant fellows. Fortune, even if a man does

nothing with it, will win a certain kind of popularity, on easier terms than anything else ; for most of us are fond of being on good terms with rich people, and like to be seen with them ; while their faults, unless very glaring indeed, pass for eccentricities. When however a rich man is unpopular, he becomes often perfectly execrated ; he is hated with a bitterness, and attacked with a virulence, that is seldom shewn towards others.

One of the surest roads to popularity is giving good dinners. It is wonderful what people will put up with to eat them ; and how very loth they will be to quarrel with the giver. Thus all persons who have any object to attain in society should immediately hire a good cook, and see to the perfection of every arrangement in their dining-room ; for if that does not give them a good position nothing will. Lending money too, if you don't want it back again, and holding your acquaintances' bonds, is a still better plan ; for then every body will speak well of you, lest you should punish them by asking to be paid. This will go a long way to explain the influence which has really been possessed by Jews in all ages. Judicious use

of money in this way will do more even than dinners. It is astonishing how many people whose votes are worth having are open to its influence; and even those who are not, like to be on good terms with a man who has got the reputation of being a good-natured fellow in this respect. Crassus escaped an impeachment because it was said that every third man in the senate owed him money.

High rank is certainly no passport to popularity; and a man had far better belong to a large family than a great one. At the same time meanness of birth is always against anybody. Rank, indeed, requires very careful conduct, because men placed in eminent positions are more open to observation than others; and I have known even princes of the blood very shily and indifferently looked upon. If ordinary people receive an affront from a man of high rank, they are less inclined to forgive it than if it came from anybody else. La Bruyère says we quarrel easily with the great, but that a smile reconciles us. This very likely might have been the case in France when Bruyère wrote, and the whole nation was mad with flunkeyism, but it certainly is not now in

England. There is a sturdy democratic spirit abroad ; and, sincerely as the many are disposed to look favourably on the aristocracy, woe to the man who presumes on his rank to affront plain John Brown ! For John will not only resent the indignity put upon him, but others will take up his quarrel, and the great man will begin to find himself snubbed and abused by people he never perhaps heard of.

I should not have much faith in the popularity of a man who laid down rules for acquiring it. I should doubt if Lord Shaftesbury, or Hobbs, or Chesterfield, were really liked by their contemporaries, with all their keen knowledge of mankind. La Bruyère could not have been much known in society, for we have such very scanty information about him ; and La Rochefoucauld, Madame de Sevigné tells us, lived the life of a recluse. Doctor Johnson too, who has left us some of the most graceful compliments that ever were uttered, and who knew more of the springs of human nature than nine-tenths of the world, was generally disliked among the few people he knew. Lord Byron was decidedly unpopular, and Shelley, and even Kirke White, with his simple heart, owns in

his letters that he would have gone down on his knees for society, but could not get it, even at Cambridge. Gibbon the historian speaks of London as a solitude; Swift quarrelled with everybody; Pope was disliked; and Bolingbroke, in spite of the exquisite charm of his manners, passed the latter part of his life in retirement, very generally shunned and avoided.

Sir Walter Raleigh died the victim of an intrigue, after a long imprisonment, in which he could not have languished if he had had friends, for James the First was easily mollified, and had not even a personal grudge against the hero of snuff and potatoes. Cortez and Columbus died broken-hearted from the ingratitude of mankind. The brilliant Lord Essex could not in his need command even the friendship of Bacon, whose fortunes he had made. The Duke of Wellington was hardly looked upon with affection; and Napoleon is mentioned by Carlisle as a "dissocial man." If Cæsar had had many friends he would not have fallen in the senate unavenged. Alexander the Great slew his friends after dinner, and so could have had little love for them, or they

have had for him; and Peter of Russia was equally pugnacious. His great antagonist, Charles the Twelfth, must have been among the most unamiable of men; and Louis the Fourteenth and George the Fourth, both the first gentlemen of their age, were certainly hated; though Charles the Second and Louis the Fifteenth, men equally vicious, live kindly even in men's memories now.

Rousseau was ridiculed in society, Voltaire feared, and the Cardinal de Richelieu laughed at for his unwise love-makings and silly poems. The great Corneille was intolerable, and Addison and La Fontaine were equally silent and dissocial. The famous Austrian minister Kaunitz was the absurdest of men in private life; and the Count Duke Olivarez in Spain said that he had never known the love of man or woman. One of the most gifted of our own statesmen was so absent and awkward in society as to have been generally dreaded. Sir Robert Walpole had too mean an opinion of mankind to have been loved by them. Lord Castlereagh was the butt of all the wits of his time, and had none to defend him. It is said even the late Sir Robert Peel had few friends;

and where were those in the day of trial who loved Louis Philippe ? It was said of the late Prince Schwartzenberg that he never made a friend or conciliated an enemy ; and, if Kossuth or Mazzini had been personally beloved by those around them, Italy and Hungary might have been free.

If, on the other hand, we take those who have been popular heroes all the world over, our wonder is still more increased. Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who must have been one of the most savagely cruel and rapacious men that ever existed ; Harry the Eighth, who could make the people laugh, while he plundered the Church and beheaded his wives, thus outraging two of the strongest feelings of Englishmen—morality and religion ; that sad dog Queen Elizabeth, and “ gentle King Jamie,” that silly auld wife ; George the Third, always withstanding popular demands, and a lunatic during part of his life,—were one and all idols of the people. Then the old Pretender and the young Chevalier, how worthless they seem to us now to have been ; yet how they were loved—what brave and loyal hearts clung to them in their adversity, and lived and died for them ! In

fact, the list on either side might be indefinitely prolonged.

The French have a proverb which contains a very sad truth : it says, "A man must be a very common-place person if you hear no evil of him." But there is a Spanish proverb I like better, "It is well to have many enemies, that you may have active friends." Literary men are seldom popular, they often are too absent in society, and are sometimes very conceited ; besides, people expect too much of them, and cry out against them for falling short of their preconceived ideas. Generally, indeed, a great reputation is rather against a man, though Lawrence Sterne had invitations on his table for three months at a time.

"And a dull dog, too," supposes Mr. Boswell.

"Why, no, sir," replies the stern old doctor.

Gay the poet, Sidney Smith too, Theodore Hook, Thomas Moore, and Sir Walter Scott are sufficient to shew the rule is not absolute.

Toadyism of any kind is a bad road to permanent popularity ; in fact, a man is generally loved for what he does not do, rather than for what he does.

If you never rival anybody, or stand in the way of their interests—if you never take offence, but go on never minding, occur what will—if you never do anything so glaringly wrong that the world is obliged to take notice of it—if you never insult anybody—if you never outdo anybody—if you are not too wise nor too witty, nor too well dressed—if you do not want anything—if you are not positively rude or overbearing—if you are not successful among the ladies—if you are not a “favourite” of anybody in power, yet not disliked by him—if you are not too handsome—if you are not to be envied in any one respect, you are much more likely to be generally liked than if an Alcibiades or an Admirable Crichton, for the qualities which generally win popularity seem to be all negative.

Men of great refinement of manner and idea are never popular. The crowd like something which identifies their idols with themselves, and a strong spice of common-place, or even something very like vulgarity of thought, wins many. As a proof of this, only listen to the speeches of public men. The parts most applauded are always the most common-place.

A good manner on first meeting people, too, is a great element of success in society ; and a shy or awkward man will seldom find people take interest enough in him to try and get over the first unfortunate impression. Wilkes said very cleverly, " That it always took him ten minutes to talk people out of his face." Unluckily, however, for a man whose first appearance is against him, he very seldom gets this ten minutes to ransom himself. A shy or awkward man, therefore, should resolutely take care to overcome such disqualifications, which are, after all, but bad habits, if he wishes to be well received ; and an ill-looking person should take care, by the studied propriety of his dress and manners, that people have at least nothing else to find fault with.

Pushing people get on best in society, as everywhere else. Resolutely to seize the highest place, and keep it, is the best advice that can be given to anybody, though you must be thick-skinned to profit by it. People will snub you at first in all sorts of ways, and laugh at you, and think you a bore, perhaps even run away from you ; but persevere, and you will gain your footing at last. There are

too many people fond of patronizing, not to seize, sooner or later, upon a client who asks for nothing else. And if you want to reconcile yourself into never minding what is said of you, only listen to the conversation of two intimate friends over a third, who has just left them, and you will soon be convinced that they cannot treat you much worse. If, however, you once take up with a second-rate coterie, for the sake of being at your ease, or king of your company, you are lost irremediably.

Never pay compliments, even to ladies, for they cut two ways. If you compliment one person, the rest are disgusted ; if you pay compliments to all, you are ridiculed as absurd and false. Flirting should be avoided ; and by paying too much attention, even to ladies generally, you are sure to supplant somebody, who will hate you heartily for it. Never say an ill-natured thing of anybody, no matter how they may deserve it, or tell what you think are witty stories about them ; it is sure to make people afraid of you. A simple, easy, collected manner—a little softer towards women than towards men, and only a little—is the best that you can adopt. Ladies do not like to be treated

like dolls or China ornaments. Never betray a secret that has been entrusted to you, or tell one of your own; for the desire of talking about themselves is so inveterate in most people, that, when you have once acquired a reputation for discretion, you are sure to have plenty of confidence, and people will learn to like you, because they can talk to you without fear about their affairs, and at last they will be even afraid to offend.

Never say anything that can possibly be construed into an untruth or an equivocation; and a civil silence, under silly questioning, will never hurt you. It is needless to say, you should never talk about yourself, for of all things it is that of which people are least tolerant; and, my good friend, between you and me, society does not care one grain of canary seed if you and all your family are to be burnt early to-morrow morning, or if your father and mother, your wife and children three, were all smashed together last night on a railroad. And as for the new improvements at your place in the country, which are to cost you eleven thousand eight hundred pounds, or the manner in which you mean to furnish your

library in town, your dearest friend is only prevented by good breeding from yawning in your face when you speak about them.

Take therefore rather than give the subject of conversation, and be careful of talking over the heads of your company. Story-telling is a great nuisance; though one or two may, perhaps, be permitted to an established wit, if very well introduced after dinner, when people are in the humour to receive them. Swift said very rightly that no one should ever talk more than half-a-minute at a time; and Scott, that conversation was common property, in which every guest had a share, and he who took too much was committing a fraud on the rest. Besides, people do not want to hear homilies after dinner, and even the wisest and gravest go into society for relaxation, or, at least, not to listen to lectures. If, therefore, you really have an idea write a book, and if it is worth anything people will read it; never worry a whole company with crude thoughts, which have, perhaps, just been born to you, the daughters of that last glass of claret, and which, perhaps, you would be the first to acknowledge are based upon error after a little reflection.

Never talk shop to other people, for a great many vain persons are offended by it, and fancy that you do so because you think they understand nothing but their own profession; besides, it is ungracious, and seems as if you invited them to pump out what information you could get. On the other hand, if you see that you yourself have been invited for any particular object of this kind, it is best to fall into it pleasantly at once, and tell any unimportant things that may be required of you, if you can do so with prudence, for then nothing will gratify people more than your talking on the very subject they wish to understand.

As a rule, it is a good plan to be well informed on the current topics of the day. Nothing purchases a reputation for ability on such good terms, or one which is least subject to envy and detraction; besides, if you are fond of talking, people will be always ready to listen to you, if you really understand subjects of present interest better than others.

For the rest, a popular man is like a poet—he is born, not made. Two men may do precisely the same things; and the one will be admired, the other offend. There are indeed

some men in society who can do no wrong. "Il y a des gens," says La Bruyère, "contre qui il n'est pas permis d'avoir raison ;" beware, therefore, of coming into collision with them. The steady friendship of one woman of high rank is worth that of fifty men, and is by no means so difficult to obtain. Friendships between men and women are indeed perhaps more sincere and lasting, and even frequent, than those of either among themselves, and it is an incalculable advantage to have one or two active partizans among the ladies to tell us when we do wrong, and explain away our errors to others ; besides, the ladies, however jealous they may be of each other, band together very much, and if one really takes interest in you, apart of course from all flirtation, you are sure to be well received by the rest. Men who have many sisters, and have thus been brought up all their lives in the society of ladies, are very generally well received.

A good whist-player, and one who loses with temper and wins without taunting, can very easily gain a certain footing in society, but he will generally be identified with one set. Ladies, perhaps, will look shily at him, and respectable

fathers, who never play at anything but backgammon and chess, will be apt to consider him an undesirable acquaintance for their sons; he is, however, the only kind of popularity-hunter who can afford to do without either.

There is also one more quality which is as essential as any, and which cannot be too assiduously cultivated. It is that of allowing yourself to be bored with a good grace; being civil to people who do not seem to others to be worth attention. Many reputations for good nature have been made in this way, and people who are least accustomed to receive attention are always the most grateful for it, and repay it most largely. This must not be confounded, however, with neglect of the acknowledged stars of society, and it will never do to slink into a corner by the tea-table, and spend your whole evening in civilities to your hostess's companion; though perfect and studied politeness to such people is one of the most valuable of the arts of pleasing.

CHAPTER VIII.

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems but pastime to grow old ;
And as youth counts the shining links
That Time around him twines so fast,
Pleased with the task he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.

Two years have passed away since the close of the last chapter. My moustachios have grown more visible, for I have carried my intention of making the grand tour into execution, and I hope by-and-by, if I clip and worry them sufficiently, that I shall have a pair worthy of a Hungarian.

I can scarcely say where I have been and where I have not been. I have been among the romantic mountains of Spain, and lingered

in delightful thought amid the ruins of the Alhambra and the eight hundred marble pillars of the beautiful Moorish temple at Cordova. I have been shooting at Carolina, going to bull-fights at Ronda, and to balls and tertullias at Madrid; hunting up rare books at the Escorial, and copying quaint passages for Arthur Sinclair. I have been wandering like a troubadour of old, with my foot in the stirrup, my hand on the rein, and thinking of the merry adventures of King Charles and Buckingham as I rode through the pleasant places of Andalusia. From Bayonne, with its narrow, old-fashioned streets, protected from the sun by shady arcades, and little pigeon-holes of shops, reminding us of what cities were two or three hundred years ago, to Irun. Among the Pyrenees chamois-hunting, to Mont de Marsan and gentle Bagnères de Bigorre. To glorious Burgos, the city of the Cid, whose fame has been sung in every ballad of minstrel Spain—to Burgos, where I first learned the poverty and pride of the Spaniard. I was inquiring my way from the most abominable place that ever went by the name of an hotel to the post-office, and the last person I asked, a stately

man in a magnificent cloak, volunteered to accompany me. We talked as we went along of many things, and my acquaintance seemed evidently a man who had seen the world and lived in good society. At last, through a maze of narrow, whitewashed streets, I arrived at my destination, and, taking off my hat, bade the courteous stranger adieu—would have left him, but something in his look detained me. While I paused he let the folds of that grand cloak fall, and a naked skeleton stood before me. It was a pathetic appeal enough, and putting a louis into his hand I went upon my way. So on to the orange-trees and balconies of Seville; and to Cadiz, the only clean and thriving town in Spain. From Cadiz to Tangier the dirty, and to Tetuan, which seems to have remained unchanged since the Arabian Nights were written. From Tetuan to Oran, which the French will tell you would be stronger than Gibraltar—if—if it was not; and then along that wild African coast to Algiers, which scarcely retains a trace of the city of the Deys, but which is one of the loveliest places in the world for all that. Away thence to Bona, where St. Augustine wrote and prayed in old

time ; and to Tunis, where there is no water ; and to Carthage of many memories.

But to detail my voyages at length would carry us from New York to Stamboul, from the sweet shores of the Mediterranean to the "wild and stormy steep" of Elsinore.

Let us look round, and see what the other characters of my story have been doing while I have been roving so long. Lord and Lady Herbert Evelyn have exhausted Paris, and are returned to London ; my lady's maid and my lord's stud-groom having both acquired fortunes in that wasteful household. My lord is still the darling of the race-course,—the owner of the fastest yacht in England, and the cleverest hunters. He drives one of the last half-dozen four-in-hands, that still remind people of other days in London when coachmen were gentlemen, and gentlemen coachmen. He is also one of the last patrons of the prize-ring. He borrows money of everybody he knows, has half-a-dozen bill-stamps always in his pockets, and is deeply in the books of every tradesman in London who will trust him. But the time is long gone by when any one would have the wish to have, or go to the expense of

having, him tapped upon the shoulder; and as for executions,—he lives in a furnished house rented by my lady's solicitor,—and all his horses are entered in the name of his stud-groom. He wins money, too, sometimes, and is then liberal enough with it;—not that he likes paying debts,—but that he will buy new things, and pay any price for them.

He has lost all sense of shame or care for good repute; and if he has not become a trainer of young gentlemen (for he is too thoughtless for that), he is looked up to as a sort of oracle by all the spendthrifts of the day; and it probably pays his tailor very well to keep on good terms with him. He has grown a chartered libertine—a kind of living advertisement for fashionable tradespeople;—he appears in out-of-the-way carriages; has the tiniest groom, as my mother has the tallest and best dressed footmen, in all London. His very hat and the collar of his coat are an advertisement; and young men, who would hardly like to be seen with him by the uncles who are to leave them fortunes, copy his very looks, his attitudes, and the cut of his hair and whiskers. He has a genius, too, for

doing portraits ; and, as he knows the features of every lion in London by heart, he is very successful, and can get twenty guineas for a sketch hit off between breakfast and dressing. In fact, he has all the resources of London at his fingers' ends ; and knows every bill-broker and money-lender from Chelsea to White-chapel,—and more about raising money generally than any man on earth. He is the very Providence of young spendthrifts ; and can get their kites flown long after everybody else has given them up. Had the gay Frenchman who sighed for utter ruin only known Lord Herbert Evelyn, his wish would have been accomplished in six months. He has the greatest talent for expense of any man in London, from fitting up a palace to giving a dinner at six guineas a head without wine. Altogether, he is, perhaps, the most dangerous person to know in England ; he seems so happy in the depth of his disgrace, that any one who sees him go blossoming down St. James's Street, one of the best dressed men in London, and with scarcely a wrinkle on his handsome face, with his grand cab following him, and all the good-for-nothings lounging at the club-windows nodding

to him, would think the life of a fashionable scamp the most enviable thing possible, and so, following the *ignis fatuus* light, get lost among the marshes of shame and ruin.

He had grown into the very hero of the vulgar, and honest nobodies would turn round to admire the splendid roué as he passed, and point him out to their families as the famous "Lord Herbert,"—for he had even reached to that infallible sign of popularity of being generally known by his Christian name—a distinction never yet given to an unamiable man. His amiability, indeed, was astonishing; no game appeared too small for him; and he would get his very cheesemonger sold up by his condescension with the best grace in the world. It was impossible for human nature to be angry with him; his winning, careless manners, and joyous smile, were irresistible, and in his presence, at least, the very wisest forgot to censure. He was welcome in every mess-room, and behind the scenes of every theatre. Mysterious houses in Jermyn Street and Duke Street would open invisible doors to his well-known tap. There were villas along the banks of the Thames, and among the pleasant trees

of Hampton Court and Bushy, where he was welcome as daylight; and a dinner at Richmond or Greenwich was never so well served as when he was of the party. None but a man with a handle to his name could have played the part he acted; and none who had one single feeling of honour or sensitiveness would have played it. He was a striking proof that talent of all sorts has a market in London; and any man who is great in his way, be that way what it will, may have his court and his subjects.

My mother, too; my dear mother! She, too, has altered; for women nearly always become just as their husbands make them, or drift away into chaos. From reading so many novels she has at last begun to write them; and such novels—a *rechauffé* of all that was fashionable and in bad taste during the gay days of the Regency, when she was a girl. She takes her readers back to the graceless follies of the Carlton House, and fills her books with such a complication and maze of plots that no human ingenuity can discover whether the Duke of Dilwater died of the gout or a broken heart, or if he finally married the late

Duchess's interesting tire-woman, and lived happy ever afterwards. The fate of her characters is involved in as much uncertainty as was that of Harold after the battle of Hastings, or Charles the Fifth, till Mr. Sterling enlightened us. The personages of her story—shadowy, unreal things—flit about in carriages and opera boxes, or pass their listless lives over their toilettes. And their toilettes—what marvellous descriptions of finery and impossibly dressed people crowd her pages ! What remarkable conversations are held by the wearers of it ! What new words are coined ; and what uncommon positions the old ones are placed in ! The greatest scholar in Europe could not write such books if his life depended on it. From beginning to end—from the preface to the word *finis*—which Lady Herbert always wrote herself on the last sheet of note paper her manuscript was written on (indeed, she used to call herself Lady Finis in her notes to her publisher, and I rather think she had an indistinct idea of the meaning of the word), not one trace of a moral or meaning could be discovered throughout. Yet my mother grew to be a famous authoress, and her name was quoted all

over Europe and America as one of the most delightful writers in England.

There is a saying of aristocratic old Doctor Johnson, "When a lord or a lady enters the ranks of literature their merit is sure to be handsomely acknowledged;" and so the prices my mother got for her books was something astounding, all things considered. There was a regular battle for her among the publishers: perhaps because the fortunate man always got asked to her parties, which began all at once to be among the pleasantest in London—the very *réunion* of all the wits and celebrities, so that if a hostile critique ever appeared it was promptly annihilated. Indeed, her fame rose so high that I am afraid she began to edit books without seeing them, for I am sure that some novels which appeared in the Sunday papers did not bear the stamp of her style, though her name was placarded all over the town, and in letters a foot long, as the authoress thereof.

Nothing could exceed the wonderful extravagance of her establishment on her return from Paris. She had taken one of the prettiest houses in London, and filled it to the ceilings

with beautiful nothings, over which hung constantly a bill of sale of protection. Her carriage was the most costly thing ever seen on wheels, and the envy of despairing duchesses, for she, too, had become an arbitress of fashion. Her very footmen wore silk stockings and white kid gloves; and her page was the most beautiful and best dressed boy in London. Long after the heyday of her beauty was gone by, she became once more a reigning toast, and her pictures appeared in annuals and shop windows without end. Neither is it difficult to explain her position; she won it merely by patronising literary men, till they became her *claqueurs*. No class is half so grateful for the notice of great ladies, and my mother might have remained in obscurity all her life if she had not learned this secret in the *salons* of Paris. It was a kind-hearted old *litterateur* who corrected the proofs of her first and best novel, and then wrote a critique on it in the Quarterly Growler that lifted her at once into celebrity. And how they loved her, those brilliant *parvenus*! How they boasted of her friendship! And how chivalrously they broke a lance for her when attacked! Little Tom Huffey, the Editor of

the Quarterly Growler, and one of the cleverest fellows in London, fought a duel for her, after having been only twice to Aspasia House; and even he, Tom Huffey, who with the best heart in the world had never all his life said a civil thing of anybody, could dip his *scarifier* in milk and honey, and use the flat side of it, when he had a book of Lady Herbert Evelyn's under dissection, though it was published by a rival publisher to the Proprietor of the Quarterly Growler.

And as for Harry Longinus, when one evening my mother had a headache, and he fancied he had offended her, he sat up all night to write her the most witty and graceful appeal for pardon that ever flowed from the pen of a poet. It was printed, too, afterwards, and one of the prettiest epithets he had given to her tacked to the name of Lady Herbert Evelyn for ever afterwards. Her very position in the world had its charm for these men of gentle hearts and bright minds—her loneliness (for her husband always followed his own pursuits, just as if she had no existence, though he loved her too, in his way), the soft grace of her manners, and the faint traces of what had

once been a beauty such as painters love to look upon.

Other changes, enough, too, have come about, for two years is a great space in human life, and most of us who look back and remember what they were twenty-four months ago will have cause to wonder at the retrospect.

William Howard has entered the Austrian service, and gloried for a brief season in his gay uniform, his gallant horses, and six hundred thousand brothers, for the whole army are *Dutzbrüder*. His beauty and the wit of his many-sided mind, his frank joyous manners and open hand, have made him the most popular man in his regiment; and his historical name, added to the high military rank of his relatives, and their traditional renown as soldiers, had got him the *entrée* to some of the first *salons* in Vienna. A thousand times he rejoices at the step he has taken, and looks back upon his old country life at Marsden with disgust and weariness; not even his father, whom he loves so dearly, can redeem it in his eyes, and he remembers the counsels of Arthur Sinclair with a good-humoured smile of deri-

sion; the poet does not stand high in his opinion in consequence of them.

Yet another change. There is a great crisis in Europe, and a shock is felt, like a moral earthquake, from Paris to the frontiers of Russia. Men, burning with the sense of a foreign yoke, and thirsting for freedom, strive to seize it by the strong hand, and by the strong hand they are repressed, till the land runs over with the blood of the fallen, and the air is heavy with the groans of the captive, and the widow, and the orphan! It is not my purpose to enter into the history of that fearful quarrel between Austria and her provinces, for much more than is dreamt of in England may be said on either side. With many of the states which renounced their ancient fealty it was but a question of masters. If they had succeeded in freeing themselves from Austrian supremacy, their independence would still have been impossible. Some would have exchanged order and a strong government for all the horrors of anarchy, and others would have been devoured utterly by their own dissensions, and split into innumerable factions, each animated by the bitterest hostility towards the rest, before their

freedom had been a month old, till, worn out with violence and dissensions, sensible people would have been glad enough to return to the former state of things. But party feeling ran high, and nobody can now seek to palliate the terrible excesses that were committed by both sides in the civil war which raged from one end of the land to the other.

On the breaking out of the war, William Howard was ordered with his regiment to Hungary, and for some time fought with great bravery and devotion for the Imperial cause. At last, however, in a chance *mêlée*, he was taken prisoner with one of his comrades, a Hungarian magnate, and they were both confined in a miserable temporary prison, to await their sentence. For the magnate that sentence was certain death, as all Hungarians taken in arms against their country were hanged without mercy. They passed a terrible night—faint with fatigue and loss of blood. Wounded and hungry lay the scholar's son, in a foreign land, far from his country, and engaged to the death in a quarrel of which he did not even understand the merits. For the first time, then, and just at the wrong moment, he began to

reason with himself upon the sacred right to draw the sword, and to perplex himself with doubts and regrets in the very hour when nothing but the consciousness of a right cause, a cause which he gloried in, could support him.

"We shall both be murdered!" said Count Szèleký, with a shudder of horror; for, though a brave man, it is a very different thing to meet death in the field and to die on the scaffold.

"Is there no hope?" returned Howard. "We are among civilized men and prisoners of war; they surely do not mean to butcher us in cold blood."

"This is a dreadful war," said the Hungarian noble, "and hitherto little mercy has been shewn on either side. I am prepared to die! but there may be something worse in store for us than mere death."

"Is there no means of escape?" said William Howard, with that practical thought which seems the peculiar characteristic of Englishmen. "Let us at least try."

Their guards slept—all was profoundly still without, as the two young men proceeded carefully to examine their prison. Their eyes had

grown so accustomed to the darkness that they could clearly discern objects, though, reckoning from the time of their confinement, it must have been near midnight. At last they discovered that the fastenings of the iron bars which crossed the solitary window were loosened and rusted away by the rain. It was but a narrow opening after all; but a man might with difficulty have squeezed himself through it. Its height from the ground, however, was the great difficulty, and the window could only be reached by one of the young men standing on the shoulders of the other. It was plain, therefore, that only one could attempt to escape, and the other must wait to abide his fate whatever that might be. Then occurred one of those touching struggles of friendship and self-devotion which dignify even war.

Count Szèleky was betrothed to a beautiful girl, daughter of a general high in the service; and it was perhaps to win her that he had drawn the sword against the cause of the Magyars. William Howard therefore steadily refused to leave him.

"We are losing precious time, Bela," said he, "the morning will soon be here, and then

both of us may be lost. It is already growing perceptibly lighter."

"I cannot, I will not leave you here to be murdered alone," replied the generous Hungarian. "You are a stranger, and their feelings will not be excited against you, perhaps, if I remain to address them in their own language."

"Think of your promised wife," rejoined Howard; "think of anything but me. If I fall, my death will matter little, I have sought and found it; but if you die, it will break many hearts."

"I consent then—but only to save both; perhaps I may fall in with some of our own troops. Stratomcrowitz cannot be far off, and you know yesterday even there was news of Jellachich and the Croats. Adieu then, brave comradè! I return to rescue you, or to share your fate—stain of dishonour never rested on the shield of a Magyar noble."

So saying, the Hungarian, by the aid of one of the buckles of his uniform, picked out the rotten mortar which still fastened the bars, then one tremendous effort and they gave way—another moment and he had gained the free

air. Howard thought he was gone ; but the Hungarian still paused for a moment.

"Du Wilhelm," cried he, "can your hear me?"

"Yes," returned the Englishman.

"Here, then, come right under the window and hold your hands out to catch something." So saying, he unfastened a miniature of his betrothed, which he wore round his neck, and dropped it down to his comrade. "As a pledge of my speedy return," said he, in a choked voice ; "till then, adieu."

Then William Howard laid himself down and slept. When he awoke, savage faces were glaring round him and rough hands were upon his shoulder.

"Where is your companion?" cried they with one voice.

"I was not his gaoler," replied the Englishman : "he has escaped, I trust."

"Away with him before our general—away with him," and in a few minutes William Howard found himself in the presence of a young man of singularly prepossessing manners, and who from his tone of authority and the staff which surrounded him was evidently the

general of that division of the Hungarian army into whose hands he had fallen.

The young Englishman was surprised at being addressed in his own language, and with great elegance of expression, for nearly all the Hungarians have a marvellous aptitude in learning foreign tongues.

The rebel general put a number of questions to him in such a pleasant conversational manner — though the Englishman expected almost instant death, that he was irresistibly reminded of the interview between Colonel Claverhouse and Henry Morton in the Castle of Tillietudlem.

But he need have been under no apprehension ; it was neither the wish nor the policy of the Hungarian chiefs to do anything to injure an Englishman, and the General at once admitted him to perfect liberty, upon his parole not to leave the camp.

“ You will not think the worse of me, I trust, Captain Howard,” continued he, “ for affixing this condition ; but you might fall in with roving parties of our men before you could reach your own lines, and your Austrian uniform might get you unfairly handled. The minds

of my countrymen are over-excited by this dreadful war. And, besides," he added, with a happy grace, "the arm of another Englishman in the ranks of our opponents is too great an advantage to concede to them willingly. Meantime, frankly and sincerely, I have reason to believe that these melancholy hostilities will soon be at an end. Till then, therefore, I must ask you to share the rough hospitality of a Hungarian soldier; and, for the sword which was taken from you yesterday, after you were overpowered and made prisoner, permit me to wear it as a pledge of our future friendship, and honour me by accepting mine."

From this time William Howard became the constant companion of one of those splendid and specious intellects who had first roused the mind of the masses in Hungary into active hostilities against the Austrian rule. And, brave, generous, and kind-hearted as was the Magyar chief, perhaps he did not act quite honestly towards the young man he called his friend in reporting the progress of the Hungarian arms, and the real state of affairs between the Emperor and his revolted subjects.

Indeed there was one period during that

quarrel in which both parties fought under the banners of the Kaiser, before Kossuth had committed the rash act of declaring an undesired independence, and thus brought on a rupture it was no longer possible to close by negotiation and peaceful means. The Court at Vienna, too, at this time was badly advised; and the vacillation of their councils rendered the wisest at fault. Jellachich saved the throne of the Cæsars, in the teeth of a proclamation in the streets of Pesth denouncing him as a traitor, and recognising the Hungarian army as imperial troops. Thus, in one battle, William Howard actually found himself opposed to his own regiment, and with scores of officers on either side in the same position. After a time this uncertainty cleared up, and he had the mortification of finding himself in the ranks of the rebels; but, bound by his parole, flight was impossible. What he could do, however, he did. From the time the state of the quarrel was really understood, and who fought for the Emperor, who for Kossuth, he never drew his sword. But he was exposed to many dangerous influences for an Austrian officer, and reports likely to mar his promotion were

already standing against his name in the War Office at Vienna. He was in daily intercourse, too, with some of the most fascinating and gifted men who have ever headed a revolution ; and it is no wonder that he gradually began to look upon the war with the same feeling as the majority of his countrymen.

Letters reached him from his father, imploring him to return home and withdraw his sword from that strife, if it could be done with honour. Every English newspaper he saw was filled with execrations against Austria, and some very severe acts of retribution which took place at that time by orders of General Haynau reached him, with all the high colouring which could be given them by the resentment of an excited and imaginative people. Yet he never forgot his allegiance : neither argument or entreaty, or the promise of high command in the Hungarian army, could win him into taking off his uniform ; and, when the Magyars under Görgey finally surrendered to Marshal Paskievitch, William Howard immediately rejoined his regiment, though with the intention of resigning his commission. He was too coldly received, however, to make his

intentions immediately known ; and, after a short interview with his Colonel, was ordered to take his trial before a court-martial.

“ I have no doubt of your honour,” said the commander of his regiment. “ My relative, Bela Szèleky, has already done justice to your unflinching bravery and great generosity, but it is necessary to your own future position in the regiment, and to the promotion which it shall be my task to secure for you, that you should stand acquitted in the eyes of every one, and be above even suspicion.”

This acquittal, however, was not easy, for it was positively proved that Captain Howard had been seen fighting sword in hand against his own regiment. The Austrian military authorities, however, were not extreme to mark an error into which any man might have fallen in the confusion of the time, when different companies of the same regiments had often stood opposed to each other ; so after a trial which lasted some hours Captain Howard was set at liberty. His comrades, however, looked shily upon him, and he shared in the bitter hostility against England which the part taken by the English press in Hungarian affairs had

then begun to excite; and a fiery young Austrian noble, whose family had been distinguished for their devoted loyalty to the house of Hapsburg Lorraine when its fortunes were lowest, openly taunted him with having obtained even the doubtful acquittal pronounced by the court-martial through the unwearied exertions of Count Szèleky and his relations.

This was followed by a duel. Yes, William Howard in that unhappy war had found himself fighting on both sides; and finally, with his heart gained to a lost cause, and from scruples of conscience about to resign his commission, he was still going to have a duel with an Austrian officer for impeaching his stainless fidelity to the Emperor! So this, then, was the end of his hunt after fame!

Oh, ye thinkers and philosophers!—oh, ye men of many-sided minds!—it is not for you to draw the sword and seek after the renown which is won at the cannon's mouth. Ye may be brave as your swords, gallant and chivalrous as Bayard or Prince Eugene; ye may have read as many books on military tactics as Dumouriez, and understand the art of war as well as Napoleon; but I tell you that there

has been no quarrel between men since the world began in which ye would not see injustice and wrong on both sides before the end of the first campaign ; and if the hearts within you were still strong enough to keep you in the path of duty, they would be heavy with the thought that ye had better be dead and sleeping unknown and unsung in some village churchyard, than where ye were, amid the clash of cymbals and the call of trumpets with the red hand. For you there is but one cause that will nerve your arms and warm your hearts as ye ride to the battle. It is when the oppressed rises against the oppressor, or free men make their dauntless stand against an invader. At Marathon, and at the straits of Thermopylæ, among the mountaineers of Switzerland at Morgarten, in the devoted bands that gathered strong in hope and fearless still around William Wallace and Robert the Bruce, side by side with Hampden, and in the armies of Washington, ye fought bravely, oh ! ye thinkers and philosophers !—oh ! ye poets and men of imagination !—oh ! ye bards and minstrels ! But in the ranks of crowned kings, who sent forth their legions to spoil and conquer, ye have laid down the sword, yet not soon enough to save

your honour. How many of you have been branded with shame undying only because ye learned in the eleventh hour to reason rightly !

What a wretched night the man whose mind had too many sides to it passed before the duel ! He left a letter behind him, in case he should fall, reprobating the practice of righting disputes at the point of the sword, as fit only for barbarians. He thought too late of the youth of his antagonist ; and how if he slew him the boy's mother, who had been so kind to him when he first went to Vienna, would weep and tear her hair ; and that in the youth would perish the last heir of a great line of warriors and statesmen ; and then how he should be hated if he killed the rash, brave boy ; and how he should never hold up his head again, but be a lost and gloomy man for ever more.

"For God sake try and prevent this quarrel," said he to his second, a man to whom duels were as common as saints' days, and who immediately set his principal down in his own mind as a coward.

"If you don't want to fight," replied the second, "you had better leave the army, and there is always time to run away."

"Major," replied William Howard, sternly,

"though I tremble to shed the blood of this boy, I will fight you before we start."

"I have no right to such precedence," replied the Austrian, whose face was like a map of the railroads of Europe with wounds received in duels; the great object being always in such fights to slit the nose or poke out one of the eyes of an adversary.

The intemperance of the young Austrian gave him no chance of victory; and besides he was really conscious of the injustice he had been guilty of towards Howard. After a few passes, therefore, Howard's superior strength sent his sword flying over his head, broken at the hilt; and then he apologised, and they were about to leave the ground.

"Bitte um Verzeihung," said Howard's duelling second, "I beg your pardon; it is now my turn."

"In the name of mercy, let us have no more of this folly," said the man of the mind with too many sides to it. "If I have offended you I am sorry for it."

"So!" growled the German, very reasonably, "an hour ago you wished to fight across the table, in your murderous English way, with

pistols I suppose ; and now you refuse even a friendly pass with the swords. You Englishmen are all mad."

"Mad or sane, let us shake hands," said William Howard, "and pass the short time I shall still remain among you in our old friendship and brotherhood."

"You are not going to leave us!" cried his companions with one voice ; and the young Austrian noble, with whom he had been just fighting, came up to him with a touch of remorse in his fair handsome face.

"Du Wilhelm," said he affectionately, "don't leave us. My father said only yesterday that you were to have the vacant majority. You will rise as high in our army as your great uncle if you stay."

"The Carnival is coming on, too," added another. "Nobody leaves Vienna in Carnival time ; and you will be quite a hero among the young countesses after your adventures in Hungary."

"And you have got the Cross of the Iron Crown."

"And of the Black Eagle."

"And the Verdienst Kreuz."

"Indeed," added the young duellist, "I heard yesterday that Bela Szèleký's father-in-law had made private application to get you the Order of Maria Theresa ; for the diversion you made in the affair when you were taken prisoner was certainly the immediate cause of our winning the battle of Tzegedin, and of the ultimate safety of our division."

"Four crosses! Sapperlotte!" cried the others, one and all; "Herr Graf, why your fortune is made!"

But William Howard smiled sadly. He saw too late also into the real value of stars and ribands; and even the offered majority had no charms for the young man who had left home in search of a soldier's fortune.

"Let us be good friends," said he, "that is all I ask; for my resignation is now in the hands of the Minister of War."

CHAPTER IX.

Vain human kind ! fantastic race !
Thy various follies who can trace ?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our heart divide.

To continue, then, the career of William Howard : he quitted his profession just as he had won all that he entered it to obtain. Indeed, there is one thing I have frequently remarked, and that is, that our youth has scarcely a dream so wild, or a hope so vaulting, that it is not realised at some period or another of our after-lives. Our wishes are, however, seldom realised at the time when their accomplishment would have given us most pleasure, but, just as by some bitter ex-

perience we have found out the nothingness, the utter vanity, of what we have been sighing after, lo ! it is within our grasp. I do not write these lines by any means in a desponding way, I am no weeping philosopher ; and he who, by the alchemy of thought, can only get a tear from his reflections, had better at least not give it to the world, for he may be quite sure that his deductions are wrong somewhere or other. He has either viewed his subject upside down, or not looked far enough. We must not reason on the goodness of Providence from a portion of our lives, but from the whole of them. I challenge anybody to look back honestly upon any distant period of their lives, and to say, if they can, that all which then occurred, though it may have wrung them sorely enough, was not, after all, for the best ; and if they cannot yet say so, let them still live on, and they will find that, in the beautiful language of holy writ, " Wisdom is justified of her children ;" for every man's life is a perfect whole, and if we look at it with cleansed eyes and chastened hearts, we shall acknowledge—awed, yet rejoicing—that we do not take one step from the cradle to the

grave, and that nothing befalls us here, except under divine direction. And why do we say in our prayers, "Thy will be done," if we wish for our own instead?

Thus it is, then, that in the course of life we are constantly reminded of the vanity of human wishes—that we may seek to be happy without their accomplishment—that we may learn the folly of envy and the wisdom of being contented with our present station of life, let it be what it may, so long as we may be appointed to abide in it, and not dash ourselves against the obstacles to our rise in life, as against prison bars, or pine and fret over things that are ordained, sighing still for those that are not, lest we should obtain them to our own confusion.

We may rest assured, too, that no outward circumstances can add one whit to our happiness, if we have not the peace within which passeth all understanding, or increase our sorrows if we have. Reverses of fortune are, after all, then, merely in the imagination; and, even materially speaking, there are not, perhaps, three hours in a day when the greatest prince on earth is better off than you and I.

Let either of us, dear reader, if you feel in humour, as I do, calmly ask ourselves, if we had been suffered to possess all we have sighed after in life, just when we wanted it, should we be happier this day? Have we not been placed by Providence just in the station of life, and in the circumstances, in which we ought to have lived, made as we are? Let us cease, then, all vain and impious repinings over the many coloured events of life, as arraigning God's government of his world. As things have been, so will they be again; and if sometimes we see through a glass darkly, or our eyes grow dim with tears, let us still be of good hope, knowing that even the path to eternal life is through the valley of the shadow of death; that we never suffer pain or sorrow, save for a good purpose, and that every joy should be received as a lesson, for it is sure to have arisen from some train of events in which the design of Providence will be plainly visible to him who looks for it with earnest eyes. If anything which has happened to us, then, appear still of doubtful good, let us only wait to the end, and we shall acknowledge, indeed, that Wisdom is justified of her children.

William Howard had received one great lesson, he had awoke from his tawdry dream of false glory. He had had his wish. The fairy gold of the fable had been given to him in exchange for his freedom, and it had turned to dried leaves in his hand. He was very unhappy, but he knew that, upon the whole, he had acted only rightly and honourably in laying down his commission, when he no longer felt that he ought to hold it; and there are few positions in which this consciousness will not support us. To receive fortune and honours from a master you do not serve with the heart is a fraud on the giver, and unknighly in the receiver; I am glad, therefore, that such a charge does not stand against William Howard.

As soon as he was freed from the duties of his former profession, the many-sided mind took another turn, and for the first time in his life William Howard began to study in earnest. It may be here remarked, that nearly all the men who took part in the Hungarian revolution were men of letters, from Kossuth, who began public life as the editor of a manuscript journal, to M. V. Etoös, who has written one of the best novels in any language. William

Howard, therefore, considering himself now free, began to consort a great deal with the men whose tastes coincided most with the pursuits which he had lately adopted, and those men were found mostly among persons not altogether looked upon with a favourable eye by the Government. This gave rise to the renewal of the stories which had been formerly circulated as to the conduct of the English Captain, while a prisoner in Hungary; and in a short time there might have been read by privileged eyes an entry in a certain secret book, known to the Austrian authorities, and a new account was opened something in this way:—

“Ministry of War.—The ex-Captain of — Huzzars, William Howard, an Englishman, residing at No. 3001 in the inner town, denounced by Baron —; democratically-minded, keeps bad company, uses language likely to excite ill-feeling towards the Government.—Reg. vii. b. act. fasc. 14,263.”

I am indebted for this little peep into the machinery used in such cases to the charming *Dorfygeschichten* of Berthold Auerbach. See the story of “Die Frau Professorin.”

Among those with whom he now consorted

most intimately was a Doctor of Philosophy, whom I will call Schulze, and two brothers, whom we will designate as Friedrich and Rudolph Meyer, because these are among the very commonest of German names, and can therefore lead to no mistaken application. These three men, who had formerly all belonged to the university of Prague, had a warm sympathy, not only with the cause of their countrymen in Bohemia, but also generally with the extreme liberal and constitutional party in Austria ; and an officer, who had borne the Emperor's commission, could, perhaps, hardly have chosen associates more completely unfortunate. It is not that any of them were engaged in treasonable practices,—but that they were generally suspected by the authorities ; and therefore it would have been not only prudent, but proper, for a foreigner residing in the Austrian dominions not to take advantage of the hospitality granted him to mix himself up with them. But I have already said that it was the unfortunate construction of William Howard's mind that made him place himself altogether above the opinions of the world ; and, conscious of his own real

rectitude, he held upon his course, indifferent alike to sneers and to warning, or even the well-meant remonstrances of the few friends he had left. He knew nothing of that golden maxim in the conduct of life, that we should not only do right in our own eyes, but that which seems right also to others ; for we shall but very seldom have an opportunity of explaining what seems to be wrong, and the world will judge us without mercy from appearances.

But the young Englishman was positively bewitched. While acting in a manner which, if not absolutely wrong, was very imprudent, he only thought himself a philosopher, a mere student of life and manners, and superior to vulgar prejudice. His father, the lonely scholar at Marsden, whose only son had deserted him, wrote tenderly, begging him to return ; and the young man's answer will, perhaps, best explain his character, and the state of his feelings at that time.

"I left home," he writes, "in search of glory and reputation ; and if I returned to it now I should feel, reason upon it as I might, that I came back empty-handed—for my search

has been a vain one. I should hardly dare, dear father, to take your honoured hand, feeling that I had deserted you—and for nothing. Let me wait, then, at least till I come back with the *prestige* of having accomplished something that was worth doing. I am writing a History, and working hard at it. I have thrown away the sword for the pen, and hope to win a purer fame than that I once so idly dreamed of, and one worthier of your son. Every morning when I wake, the thought that you may still live to be proud of me animates my labours; and I have begun to learn what steady application to one object can effect. Farewell, dear father! wish me the success I am striving after, and that, since I have failed to win the laurel, I may still hope for the bay-leaves.”

Now, reader, I am afraid I shall startle you; but I, Walter Evelyn, sitting in my library, with the gout, and sixty winters doing their stern will upon me, am by no means sure that all reasoning does not result in proving that a wise aristocracy is the best of governments, and absolute rule, the will of one mind, the best that man can live under. But, however this may be, and whether logic and truth may

be at variance, as when it was proved that a horse-chestnut was a chestnut horse, whether practice in this case may agree with preaching, or otherwise, I am not going to decide; but this I know, that all the most showy things are to be said in favour of liberty,—and the arguments on the other side, however strong, are very rough ones, and built, altogether, on the worst view of human nature. Therefore, all young men, as Southey says, are naturally republicans,—and Southey ought to have known; for he, who afterwards became the staunchest of all the staunch Tories who ever were seen, was only prevented by his poverty from starting off, to found a social republic, from Oxford to Utopia.

Dr. Heinrich Schulze, too, had a way of expressing his grand German ideas of liberty that carried the imaginative mind of the young Englishman altogether away with him. He was so scholarly, so thoughtful, so rich in his language, and so happy in his illustrations, that William Howard listened wonderingly, and thought of his father.

Poor Schulze! simple, noble-hearted friend; how long and how bitterly did the Englishman afterwards regret you.

Born of humble parents in Bohemia, the young Heinrich had early distinguished himself at college, and as soon as he was fit for it had obtained one of those chairs or professorships at the University of Prague, which are almost as certain as a patrimony to men of genius throughout Germany. Wonderfully handsome (a grave, high, thoughtful beauty), he had little difficulty in persuading one of the loveliest girls in Prague to share his fortunes ; and they had been married nearly two years when the revolution broke out which was to sweep away the temple of their happiness, like the *fata Morgana* of Italian airs. Looking back at this distance of time, it seems really wonderful how completely men of studious and peaceful habits were carried away by the stormy passions of that excited period ; and how, contrary to nearly all former experience, the members of the universities and other men of serious pursuits were among the first who drew the sword and threw away the scabbard throughout thoughtful, lettered Germany. There is a great moral in this, as even I could hint if it were the proper place here to discuss it.

Without following too closely the fortunes

of personages whose adventures do not strictly belong to the course of our story, it is enough to say that when Prince Windischgratz had revenged the murder of his wife, by the reduction of rebellious Prague to a kind of beaten and sullen subjection, and was marching upon Vienna, Heinrich Schulze, his bride, and two of his pupils, Friedrich and Rudolph Meyer, being gravely compromised, fled to Vienna; and subsequently were said to have rendered their hopes of pardon yet fainter by joining the ranks of the Hungarians, who were still in arms against the Emperor. The two latter were but mere boys, seventeen and eighteen; even Schulze was but twenty-four; so that much might have been excused to the hot intemperance of youth, and to the vain dreams of schoolmen fresh from the kindling pages of the poets and historians of old Greece and Rome.

But, unhappily, in Austria there is less sympathy between classes than in any country of the whole world.

The man who is not noble is looked upon as ignoble; as something too utterly low and worthless for a cavalier to think about for a

moment; and this contempt on the one side breeds, as its natural consequence, hatred on the other.

There is, indeed, no communion of any kind between them; to the disadvantage of both, for the scholar holds himself haughtily aloof from society, or ceases to respect himself; and the noble hardens daily more and more into the mere heartless and unfeeling trifler.

So these unhappy young men, having once taken a false step, knew no one to plead for them and obtain their pardon; no one who would interest himself for five minutes about them, or who did not look upon them with disgust and aversion. From one imprudence therefore they got on to another. After having signalized themselves by their desperate valour in the ranks of the insurgents, they began, when the Imperial cause had triumphed, to give the aid of their talents to the opposition press, which was for some time suffered to exist; and the great ability which distinguished their contributions soon made them an especial mark for the resentment of authority, whenever it should be strong enough to strike.

That time, however, came slowly; Austria

had a constitution, and, Heinrich Schulze being a member of the Diet, it was decided that he was not liable to arrest by an arbitrary act of the Government. Inflated with his short-lived victory, his language took a sharper tone of opposition than formerly; and any one who watched the signs of the times might have seen that the Government were only waiting to collect sufficient proofs to annihilate him utterly. Oh for one single friend among that proud aristocracy! oh for one kindly warning from some one who knew what was coming, and he would have been saved.

How long in after years did William Howard remember the pleasant evenings he had passed at the doctor's house; and how Frederick and Rudolph Meyer, Schulze, and himself, had formed a little society of fast friends, and imprudently shut out the world. How they talked over abstract and mystic ideas, such as the Germans love to ponder on, till deep into the night; and with what simple earnestness they perplexed themselves over problems that might have puzzled the Sphinx; and how sweetly the young wife played and sang to them those grand ballads of the old German

masters of poesy, and the sweet and pensive airs of Schubert. How kindly and beautiful she looked in her neat dress, as she presided over their frugal supper; and how wit was restrained from degenerating into licence by the sanctity of that young wife's presence. It was touching to see her beautiful affection for her husband; the conviction she had that he could do no wrong, and that he was the best, the most talented, and the noblest man who ever walked upright before men, in the proud consciousness of his own rectitude of purpose and loftiness of thought.

The three Bohemians shared their scanty earnings, too, together; for, though the Germans are not generous naturally, there is a wonderful spirit of fellowship among them, and they were so contented with their poor fortunes, and believed so firmly that their efforts in the good cause were still helping on the regeneration of their country, that it was impossible for a thoughtful man like William Howard not to feel a love and sympathy for them unspeakable.

It was a gloomy winter's night, and the young Englishman was taking his thoughtful way down the Corinthian street, having just

parted from the brothers, who had accompanied him part of the way home, when he heard a hasty step behind, and the next moment his arm was seized by a familiar grasp, and his old brother-in-arms, Count Bela Szèleky, was beside him pale and trembling.

"Wilhelm!" cried he, "where have you been? I have been seeking for you the whole day. You must fly, fly with the first dawn of morning, or you are lost. You and those unhappy men who have been your companions lately have been denounced to the police. You know our capital is still in a state of siege. They will be taken before the military tribunal and have short time for shrift. Through efforts, which I will not pain you by reciting, I have obtained your passport, and if you fly at once your departure will be overlooked; but if you remain, not even my interest or your being a foreigner will save you from a prison."

To say that William Howard was startled by this address would be a wrong word, he was positively stupefied by it, and allowed himself to be hurried along to his lodgings by his generous friend without resistance—almost without consciousness.

"I must not be seen with you, Wilhelm," said he, taking leave of his old comrade at the door; "but my servant will bring you your passport at daybreak to-morrow, and accompany you to the frontier; here, too, is money, should you require it—nay, no refusal from you to me; did you not save my life? and do you think I could be base enough to forget it now?"

"Indeed, indeed, I do not want it," said William Howard, refusing the proffered note-case, and clasping his friend's hand; "but for them—for those unhappy men—is there no warning—no escape?"

"None," replied Bela Szèleký; "none."

That night the Englishman was seized with a dangerous illness, and for six weeks lay on his bed, unable to leave it. The Hungarian noble, however, watched over him like a brother, braving contagion and evil tongues, and had still interest enough to secure him from molestation on his recovery; but, as soon as he could travel with safety, he urged him once more to leave Vienna, and seemed pathetically earnest that he should go the same evening—the physician had pronounced that he might

do so with safety—instead of remaining till the following morning. It was impossible to arrange this, however; and so, in taking leave, the Hungarian contented himself by entreating that, as he left the town on the following morning, he would not attempt to witness anything that might be going on upon the road: and then, with a thousand offers of assistance, and assurance of unalterable friendship, the young men parted.

It was a cold, raw morning, as the Englishman took his departure; a chilly, searching air pierced to the very bones, and gloom and sadness seemed to lie, like a shroud, upon tower and town.

An immense crowd impeded the way; and his fiacre came to a dead stop before an open space, which was literally thronged with people. A troop of cavalry galloped hither and thither; and, clearing a place around them, the Englishman saw the fearful garotte, and knew that preparation was being made for the most dreadful of all things, a public execution in Austria. His gaze was fascinated to the spot; and at length his straining eyes recognised, in the haggard and altered countenances of the

men who were about to die the features of Heinrich Schulze and the young brothers. A priest stood beside them, to receive their dying words; and they appeared to address the crowd, though he could not hear them speak. They were soon shriven! And there, amid the unfeeling and ribald mob, which always witnesses such events, on that misty, bitter morning, with not one loving or pitying face near, those three young men looked their last upon life! And, as the horrid windlass wound them into eternity, by the shocking death to which they had been condemned, the Englishman thought that he discerned also another face, a woman's, lovely still, though there was no speculation in it,—it was the face of an idiot,—and a terrible laugh rang out in the wintry air from the wife of Heinrich Schulze when her husband died! Alas! for the young, the brave, the gifted, and the beautiful!

CHAPTER X.

Shall men, like figures, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, lies.

YOUNG.

THE time which had passed so eventfully for William Howard had brought its usual changes also to the other personages of our story. Lord Winnington was living in great glory at his post, and his greatness waxed greater and greater, day by day. To be sure, there were one or two obstinate people in the House of Commons, or elsewhere, who could not or would not see this greatness, and began to move that his correspondence on one or two questions should be laid before Parliament, there being reason enough to think it

was open to very severe censure. But this did not materially embarrass my Lord. When any subject really began to excite interest at home, nothing could be easier than to change his tone to suit the ideas of Parliament. He would fiddle to any tune they pleased, if he only got the key-note, and if they did not like A flat, it was perfectly the same to him, he would play in F sharp ; or *vice versâ*. Then, when his correspondence came to be laid before the House, notwithstanding the care with which extracts were made, and the grammar mended ; notwithstanding the wasted art of the printer in trying to punctuate those endless sentences into something that might have, at least, the appearance of meaning at first sight, they were always the despair of the Honourable Member who moved for them, and the triumph of the Government. Let the man who could fix a charge of any kind upon those despatches, do so if he could. It was impossible even to laugh at them till you had studied them very carefully, they were such masterpieces in their way, and the language in which they were couched was so sonorous and official. The first part always contradicted

the last, and the tenor of the middle agreed with neither, as far as meaning could be puzzled out at all. Therefore, when the Honourable Member quoted one passage with virtuous indignation, some Member of the Government immediately snuffed him out by referring to another. In vain the press thundered, and private interest, injured by neglect, cried out bitterly ; our merry old friend continued to thrive, and went upon his way rejoicing, humbugging, bullying, toadying, cursing, fiddling. Oh ! what a merry old gentleman it was !

Travellers came home and said, "There was a vicious, bad, old man disgracing the great name of England, by low buffooneries, while filling one of the first posts in the gift of the Crown, and that it was generally supposed he was deranged ;" but these must, of course, have been vulgar people for the most part, who had not been asked to dinner, or who were so little men of the world as to object to their very name and country having passed into a byword of derision in the person of its representative—people who had an idea that a man filling a great employment really had responsibilities

and duties, if he rightly understood them, and was not intended to act the part of an Eastern Pasha with three tails—persons who thought that, even a great man, at least in the public service, might have an idea or two sometimes, and just a very little common sense, without being any the worse for it. But these, of course, were stupid people, authors, radical members, political essayists, hunters up of grievances, and so forth. And a merry old nobleman, the delight of all the caricaturists in a great country, was not to be put out in his gyrations, or even, in common parlance, be taken down a peg or two, for such as them. Besides, how could he be replaced? Who was there, among the peers of England, who could stoop so low and so often? It was quite refreshing to think of the energy of his bowing; and how, indeed, from the number of the crosses and decorations by which he was enabled to bring ridicule upon every knight-hood in Europe, that wonderful habit of ducking and then carrying his empty head so bravely, procured him music wherever he went, like the ancient gentleman who rode on the white steed to Banbury Cross. Then, who

else could be found to write those rare despatches on the same terms ?—despatches which had been the wonder and delight of every succeeding ministry. They were so long, so important-looking, and yet never gave the least trouble. There was nothing to make out. No grave emergency ever took place, or ever would have been heard of, if the whole country had been placed under Mount Vesuvius, and an eruption had taken place greater than any known since the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii. “Every possible wish of the Government, at home, was complied with,” and all went merry as a marriage bell. To be sure, no results were ever heard of. Commerce fell off between the two countries, and every now and then the newspapers published some fact or other, with a loud outcry of indignation. But when it was inquired into, then came one of those wonderful despatches, which distinctly proved :—firstly, that it was not true; secondly, that the facts had not been correctly stated, or, if they had been, they had not come to the writer’s knowledge; thirdly, everything was altogether contrary to the circumstances

alleged to have taken place; fourthly, that they might, indeed, have occurred, but to the writer's certain knowledge considerable modifications might be shortly expected relative to those measures, which might be supposed by persons not well informed to be contrary to British interests, but, as far as the writer was given to understand by the Government, were not intended to have that effect; and, indeed, there existed the greatest friendship of feeling, though the writer's great anxiety to meet the exigencies of the case referred to, caused him to make immediate inquiry into the subject, as he had done, and, therefore, he trusted that this obliging explanation, which had been tendered him in the handsomest way possible, would prove as satisfactory to others as it had done to him, although, &c. and so on. Now, let any Honourable Member make what he could of such a crushing answer as that. What could possibly be expected more than "greatest friendship, handsomest manner, obliging explanation, British interests, considerable modifications," and the rest of it? Avaunt! Honourable Member! or sit down extinguished for evermore, but do not expect

to put down a merry old nobleman, whose capacities are even equal to such an effort of composition, and who is endowed with such rectitude of feeling and anxiety for British interests as this. Never mind your brother in the wool trade, who is ruined. What can such a vulgar dog expect? Merchants must expect to suffer losses. Never mind your son, who was run through the body by a foreign ruffian, and then imprisoned for it in a dungeon, where he caught a fever and so died. Never mind your sick wife, travelling for her health and outraged on the road. Never mind that jocular band of policemen, who laughed in your face when you threatened to complain to the merry old gentleman, who was supposed to be paid and honoured for protecting you. Never mind the haughty derision with which your complaint was received when you did make it. Away with you! Away with you! Why have you got a brother in the wool trade, or a son, or a wife? and, confound you and all your generation! What do such vulgar fellows as you do abroad? why can't you stop at home and plant cabbages? Away with you! The House is counted out.

And General Howard is filling his high command in all honour and uprightness. till it is a blessing to live under it; and so gentle and kind-hearted is the good old soldier, that little children waylay him in his walks and trot along at his side half down the street, while their demure nurses must fain smile and blush at the General's jokes. Young men see him coming with a flush of pleasure, quicken their steps to meet him, and get some good word of encouragement in their duty, and fatherly interest in their welfare, and they treasure up the brave old man's praises in their heart of hearts, and hope that they may one day live to be such an honour to their country, such a blessing to all within their influence, as Sir Clifton Howard.

His brother William still lives on in his thoughtful retirement, though the lines on his handsome face have grown very deep, and the once rich, massy, auburn hair is getting rapidly thin and white. He stoops more, too, and, though he does not complain of his chest, he sometimes presses his hand to it, as if he was suffering, and he has a cough which troubles him frequently. But he is never sad,

never desponding, but always at his post, active and thoughtful in the duties he has appointed himself to fulfil. So as life seems to be gliding away from him does he strive to turn the last grains in the glass to gold, and the hold he is getting on the humble hearts around him is every day stronger and stronger. What grateful attentions he receives, what endless proofs of good will, what awakened yet sincere thanks from those to whom he is like a Providence! His whole life has been a long lesson of unselfishness and love towards his neighbours. So great is his reward in the healed sorrow and the pious hope.

My uncle the minister has been in and out, and in again, according to the custom of modern times. The ministry of which he formed one of the greatest ornaments was succeeded by that of Sir Swivel Rashleigh, but nobody had any confidence in that statesman, because he had made a speech in 1811 on the Brobdignag question, and had thirty years later, when all the circumstances of that wonderful case had entirely altered, modified the opinions he had then expressed. In vain Sir Swivel pleaded that a statesman should be open

to conviction, and that, if he finds that at one period of his life he was labouring under an error, the best thing he can do is to acknowledge it frankly, since no man is, or ever was, infallible. Public indignation against him knew no bounds; he was denounced as a renegade, a traitor to his party, the betrayer of his country, a man who sought office under false pretences; and indeed there was no end to the bitter taunts of the Opposition. So that Sir Swivel Rashleigh was very glad to make a fine speech about his disinterestedness, and the hesitation with which he had been brought to accept the responsibilities of office, and my uncle returned triumphantly to his official residence just three weeks after he had left it.

Alas, his troubles were not over! having conquered the opposition, the cabinet fell to disputing among themselves. Lord Tantrums would not consent to sit at the same board with Sir Charles Grandison unless that baronet would eat his own words, and declare that he only meant "twice two were four, and that if you subtracted three, there remained one," in a parliamentary sense, when he stated that fact to the Middlesex deputation. But Sir

Charles repeated with all the charming grace of manner that characterised him, that, much as he regretted to differ with his noble friend Lord Tantrums, he had merely stated what he conceived to be a fact generally admitted, and though, when he received the Middlesex deputation he certainly did not expect that they were going to ask him questions from the multiplication table, yet, as they had pursued this course, why in the unguardedness of the moment he had, contrary to official custom, given them a plain answer. Sir Charles also took the same opportunity of assuring the Earl of Tantrums, if it was any satisfaction to him, that he (Sir Charles) was not aware at the time when he received the Middlesex deputation, that the spokesman was reporter of an Opposition paper.

The Earl of Tantrums replied that under those circumstances he must tender his resignation, for he never could agree with the fact stated by his right honourable friend Sir Charles Grandison as to the final result of once multiplying the figure two, and then making a subtraction of three from the number thus obtained. Nor would he ever give his vote

and influence in any ministry of which he formed part, to carry out these views.

Lord Thomas Tytte, the premier, thought that Sir Charles Grandison was right in his calculation, but should not have divulged so important a fact in his official capacity, inasmuch as the ministry had been compromised by it.

Hear, hear, from the Earl of Tantrums.

Lord Thomas Tytte feared that Sir Charles Grandison very frequently talked over his head, and altogether out of his hearing; that being much taller too, he hid him altogether, which was placing the first minister of the crown in a secondary position.

Sir Charles Grandison assured Lord Thomas Tytte, that he had for a long time past worn no heels to his boots, in order that he might come down to the height of his colleague.

"Chief," interrupted Lord Thomas Tytte.

Sir Charles accepted the correction—"Come down to the height of his chief as much as possible;" and he regretted extremely that nature had perversely made him some inches taller.

Lord Thomas Tytte.—"I stand upon my

official stool; and, perhaps, Sir Charles, it will be better taste in future for you to kneel down."

Sir Charles, good-naturedly.—"Sit down? Very well, with all my heart; and if I should still be too high for you, why I will give you a copy of my speech and a dictionary before hand."

Lord Thomas Tytte.—"Which attention I have every right to demand in my superior position."

Sir Charles Grandison (gravely).—"Of course, of course, it shall be attended to. I will engage a short-hand writer, and recite it to him over-night, while I am taking off my boots, and he can stand behind the screen in my dressing-room."

Lord Thomas Tytte trusted the Earl of Tantrums would be satisfied with this explanation.

Lord Tantrums must say, that he was still unable to understand those unfortunate figures.

Lord Thomas Tytte (aside).—"If then you really will persist in giving up your place, Tantrums, I must ask Mr. Progress to join us,

and I should be sorry to do that if it can be avoided."

Lord Tantrums : — " Under those circumstances I will consent to withdraw my resignation."

And thus the famous council broke up, to my uncle's unmeasurable satisfaction, and the Tytte government remained in for some weeks longer, till Sir Charles Grandison, going to bed one evening very tired, forgot to remember the short-hand writer, fast asleep from over-work, and, having early the next morning expressed an opinion as to the probable price of beeksteaks if butchers were allowed to import foreign cattle duty-free, was surprised to learn on returning home in the afternoon, that Lord Thomas considered the agreement entered into between them had been broken, and therefore demanded his resignation.

My uncle was in despair, especially at the perfect good temper and unbounded popularity of Sir Charles, for he foresaw that this was the beginning of the end. The Earl of Tantrums kept them constantly in hot water. My

uncle fell ill from over excitement, and several other members of the cabinet were afraid to appear in society for fear of being mobbed by the ladies, with whom Sir Charles Grandison was so great a favourite. In less than a month my uncle's forebodings were verified, and the Tytte cabinet went out, on the ministerial measure for supplying the army with roasted potatoes; when, Sir Charles Grandison having moved an amendment, that the word "boiled" be inserted instead of the word "roasted," the whole House, hastening to testify their sympathy with the courtly baronet by carrying his amendment *nem. con.*, Lord Thomas Tytte immediately felt himself called upon to resign in great dudgeon, though to the great astonishment of Sir Charles, who had, of course, proposed his amendment in the most innocent way in the world; and could not understand for the life of him why ministers resigned on such a trifling question.

Nor would they have done so, Mr. Caustic went about saying, "if Lord Tantrums had not got himself into such a pickle with the Tamarind interests."

Heigho! power and place are prickly pillows.

CHAPTER XI.

"Femme est une benefice qui oblige à la residence."

AND Simonet de Beaumont, how had the two years passed with him ? He returned, covered with distinction, having accomplished more than any other French seaman had ever been able to do in the same direction, and returned to add the testimony of another brave and determined man to the many who had gone before him as to the impossibility of making the North-West Passage, and its total inutility for the purposes of commerce, even if it could be effected, by a rare concatenation of favourable circumstances and untiring hardihood on some single occasion.

But the hope that had sustained him in dangers and in trials of many kinds, had been ravished from him, and the fair vision that he had dreamt over, as about to make his new honours so dear to him, vanished like a snow-wreath in the regions he had left.

Nathalie was married to Adolphe Moncy, and love and friendship were alike false to him. He felt, however, like a fine, noble-hearted fellow, as he was, that he had no right to have expected to fetter the inclinations of a young girl, whose affection he was, perhaps, unfitted by nature to win, because he had been generous and good to her; and, though he could not so easily acquit the painter altogether, he tried to find excuses for him, and to feel kindly towards him still, because Nathalie loved him. A meaner sentiment of anger or jealousy could find no place in the kingly soul of Simonet de Beaumont.

So he sought them out, and found them after great difficulty, living in a mean quarter of Paris, in poverty and privation, and he took a noble revenge for the faithlessness of his love, and the ingratitude of the man he had befriended. Since, he said, Nathalie had found

she could not love him, she did right to choose another ; and, as Adolphe Moncy had won her heart, none could offer sincerer wishes for their happiness than he did. He even offered back his priceless friendship to the painter, and took him 'by the hand, as of old, trying to make him forget his baseness. After De Beaumont's return, too, a distant relation, who had hitherto altogether neglected him, appeared to be reconciled all at once, and though poor, and reputed parsimonious, began to allow the painter a sum, paid every month, which with moderate economy might have sufficed for all his expenses.

Then Simonet de Beaumont was almost lost to society for some time, and a solitary light might have been seen by the neighbours, burning in his chamber, through a greater part of the night. His was no theatrical display of grief, however. He had still the same frank, sunny smile for his friends, and could enter into their thoughts and pursuits, if not into their pleasures, as warmly as ever. The pang he might have felt in his heart rested there. His mother said, indeed, that he had grown thinner, and was more often grave than for-

merly; his boisterous mirth and wild sea songs were heard no more about the house; but he was as cheerful and affectionate as ever. She grew so proud of him, too, and with such good reason. He laid aside the Legitimist prejudices which condemned him to an unworthy inactivity in politics, and entered the Chamber of Deputies. When he spoke, as he frequently did, few young members were listened to so willingly. He seldom addressed the House, however, on any subject unconnected with his profession, and absolutely never, unless he thoroughly understood the question under discussion, and then it was evident that he had laboured honestly and hard to make himself thoroughly master of the minutest details. This kind of earnest, conscientious devotion to whatever he undertook, (rather a rare quality, especially in France,) soon marked him out to the keen eyes of the Citizen King, whose peculiar merit was said to be, that of keeping all the trump cards in his own hand,—in other words, always endeavouring to buy up any first-rate abilities there might be in the market.

Within six months, therefore, after his re-

turn, the young sailor was offered an important post in the ministry.

The Faubourg St. Germain was in commotion. A De Beaumont, it said, could never consent to serve under the Revolutionary Government, except in the army or navy, where he might be called upon to defend France, not merely to advance the family interests and ambition of the usurper Duke of Orleans. The Countess de Beaumont even received a letter from one of the old courtiers of Frohsdorf on the subject—a letter written in the crabbed hand of half a century ago—and bearing a seal as large as a five-frank piece, quartered with the arms of all the highest families in France. The writer, treating the impertinent proposition of the usurper to gain a De Beaumont to his cause with all the light *persiflage* and *moquerie* which had been in vogue at the Court of the Bourbons, concluded, and as a matter of course, that it was absolutely impossible the son of her correspondent could consent to take an active part in the Government.

It would be hard to fancy a more painful position than that of a high-born Frenchman of those days, conscious of great abilities, yet

condemned to a restless inactivity. Even those who best knew the Comte de Chambord, and admired him most, who did justice to his high moral character, the dignity and firmness with which he bore evil fortunes and the loss of his inheritance, the noble self-denial with which he refused the offers of devoted men to plunge his country again in bloodshed to win that vain bauble, a crown gained back by the sword—even those who loved him, and had felt the nameless charm of his manner, the inimitable grace which he threw round his phantom of a court, might still fear, reasonably enough, that he was not made of stuff stern enough to seize the sceptre from the wily hands which had grasped it, and might have feared, even then, that the last of the Bourbons, the heir of St. Louis, would live his life long as Henry of Bordeaux.

Meantime, what availed it that the gifted, the high-hearted, and noble of the land held themselves apart in moody sullenness? The government went on without them, and they only saw mean and bad men at the helm of the vessel of state, guiding her course among rocks, and whirlpools, and breakers, because they,

who knew how to weather the storm, preferred the gratification of their pride to the steady fulfilment of their duty in all times.

Thus reasoned Simonet de Beaumont. The Duke of Orleans has made himself king with the consent of the majority of the nation. There seems every likelihood of his maintaining his position, and when he dies the succession is provided for. He has brave and able sons, some of them counted justly among the most popular princes in the world. When, therefore, is to cease this inactivity to which the nobles of France have been condemned for a lost cause, during the best part of half a century? Would it not be better for them to return to their posts, and, heedless who sat upon that uncertain throne, to watch over the welfare of France, and see that her ruler was, at least, just and well-advised? In doing so, they were not bound to further the interests of one family or another; nor could it really matter to France who reigned, so that he governed well. The government also of a great country is not the patrimony of one man, and why were the statesmen who were best capable of defending the interests of France, to give up

their birthrights, and abandon the most sacred of a patriot's duties, because a usurper had snatched the crown? A king is, after all, but one wheel of the great machine of government, which may be displaced by a new one, without altering all the rest. By the very conduct, indeed, that they were pursuing, they were strengthening his hands, giving undue power to his usurped crown, and changing a constitutional into an absolute monarchy. In all times, the duty of the great nobles of a country has been to control the undue authority of the sovereign. Yet, by the course they had taken, they left his power absolutely without limit at all, and gradually saw the *prestige* which belonged to their names, as the descendants of long lines of French worthies, fading out from the memory of men. They gave themselves no opportunities of exhibiting great qualities, of distinguishing themselves in the senate and the council, and thus winning back the lost affections of the people to themselves and the good cause; but, moody and apart, shut up in their chateaux and hotels, they allowed themselves to be forgotten or

ridiculed by the frivolous, and justly censured by the stern.

The right mind of Simonet de Beaumont grasped this eternal truth at once—*That no man has a right to be idle.* To each is his appointed task, and if any one sits down inactive and useless he is committing a fraud on society.

Let the nobles of France, then, look diligently for their appointed task, and they would find it. Let them accept their situation as it was, and make the best of it. There was something horrible in waiting till the country was once more plunged in all the terrors of civil war, before they would resume their duties ; and what right had they to sully with the rust of sloth the great names they bore ?

So Simonet de Beaumont, in spite of the consternation of the old ladies of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and even the tears of his mother, accepted the post that had been offered him, and became one of the constitutional advisers of the Citizen King. He did so in the hope of carrying many useful measures, and establishing those improvements in his profession, of

which a practical man only, who has felt their necessity, is able to estimate the true importance.

At all events, De Beaumont was above the cavils of the bigoted, and the sneers of the envious. He was conscious that, in accepting office, he had done so with the intention of fulfilling a very high duty, and without the least hope of personal advantage. He was rich and high-born, official rank therefore could not add to his own; and indeed he lost caste among the highest class of French society from the hour of his appointment. As to the salary, that of a French minister was, at that time, certainly very insufficient to maintain the dignity of his post, without trenching largely upon his private fortune; and, though ministers enough, certainly, did enter office poor, and leave it rich, yet, to the strict and pure honesty of De Beaumont, even the most admissible means, by which it was supposed they increased their estates, would have been rejected with indignation. He would as soon have thought of speculating upon a rise in the funds, likely to take place when any information which he possessed became public, as he

would have been guilty of actual speculation. For, stripping this act of all its sophistry, people are apt enough to suspect that a man who is to gain by a rise or fall in the funds will do his best to produce that which is most advantageous to his private interests, independently of those of the state. And his high aristocratic education would have led him to reject, with scorn, the gains of the trader, even if he had not thought that the mind of a statesman could not be occupied with the pursuit of them, and the strict attention necessary to the efficient discharge of the duties of his post at the same time. He would have looked upon such gains as a simple fraud on the Bourse, and the time spent in considering how they were to be made, as stolen from his country.

With such a high and manly tone of feeling, it was hardly likely that he would long continue to hold office with any government of that corrupt time, and, after a few months spent in constant differences with his colleagues, the Fauxbourg heard, with delight, that the Comte de Beaumont had placed his resignation in the hands of the King, and that it had been accepted.

France was in a dreadful state just then. She was ruled by a government to all intents and purposes as absolute as that of Richelieu and Louis XIII., and infinitely more powerful for evil. The whole of French society was corrupted to the core. Every eighth man throughout the land, and in towns a still greater proportion, was in the employ of the government, to the demoralization of all classes. Places, even to some of the first employments of the state, were almost as openly sold as they had been under the *ancien regime*, and those who had bought them were often guilty of the worst neglect of duty, even when it stopped there. During De Beaumont's brief tenor of office, two of his colleagues were brought to public trial for venality of the most shameless kind, and others still more guilty escaped. He saw the whole strength and influence of a great nation turned to the family purposes of a dynasty, and a foreign policy pursued which was a blot upon the honour of every Frenchman. The final conquest of Algiers even, was secured by a breach of faith, and ruled by fire and sword. The great wealth and resources of France, which is, from position and circum-

stances, one of the richest countries in the world, were lavished on the useless fortifications of Paris, and other objects as vain: while no one great idea, or noble plan, for the improvement of mankind, or even the single and permanent good of France, was ever carried out—seldom even attempted. The mind of the Citizen King was essentially narrow. He had no foresight, no judgment, no honesty. He knew his way well enough to his little objects of family aggrandizement, and pursued it heedless and ignorant if the first step beyond was over a precipice. His single will was the law of the land; he admitted no counsel, listened to no warning, and so the great engine of the state was turned to one petty purpose, till at last, as we know, it wore itself out, and shivered into fragments with its own strength.

Thus, then, his hopes of serving France died within him, and an ordinary man would have retired moodily into obscurity. But it is the happy constitution of a mind like that of De Beaumont, that it cannot remain inactive; and he was no sooner out of office than he turned the whole energy of his talents to objects of private utility. There is always

enough to do for an earnest man, if he sets about it sincerely ; and many a plan for the establishment of naval schools on first class men-of-war, for the improvement of the condition of the men before the mast, and, finally, for the reclamation of the less guilty of the unhappy men labouring at the galleys of Brest and Toulon, owed its origin to De Beaumont. He went in among the condemned and out-cast with the frankness of a sailor and the sympathy of a man active for good, yet clear-sighted and discriminating, not with the false philanthropy of a maudlin sentimentalist. And many a man who had been wrongly condemned, many more whom that mistaken sense of honour, of which humble Frenchmen are full, had led to shield a guilty associate, at their own expense, owed their liberty to his unwearied exertions.

And then he was so cheerful and sailorly about it all, so hearty and good-humoured. Nobody, who knew him slightly, ever dreamt of half the good that he was doing. He shamed no Publican with the ostentation of righteousness of the Pharisee ; and, consummate master of his profession, as he was, in every

detail, he would listen delightedly to the crude ideas of the roughest seaman, or the youngest *Enseigne de vaisseau*.

Then the man's heart was so free from jealousy or envy, that, whenever an old comrade was appointed to active service, he had not a more zealous or disinterested friend in the world than Simonet de Beaumont. He would bring out his own charts, and trace the voyage with him, and give the hard-earned results of his own studies and experience so gracefully that he seemed to be learning instead of teaching. He never wished, like petty-minded men, to keep all the fame and reputation in the world to himself. He knew there was room enough for all; if otherwise, he could not do better than make way for a better man, though his modesty had made him think that there were too many such. Though he had felt obliged to withdraw from the Government, he had none of that dislike which men often entertain of their successor in office. All De Beaumont's plans for improvement, all his most mature and happy ideas, were placed at the disposal of the new minister at once, and the most brilliant and

useful measures of that minister's administration were suggested by his predecessor.

So passed the two years with Simonet de Beaumont, and so he laboured to forget his great grief—not in vain.

CHAPTER XII.

AT HOME IN GERMANY.

AND now that I have disposed, for a time, of the other personages of my story let me return to myself. I am in one of the capitals of Germany—Dresden. My apartment is a suite of five fine, lofty, airy rooms, on the second and best floor of a palace, in the most fashionable quarter of the town; and I pay a sum, in German money, equivalent to about three pounds English, monthly. My rooms, indeed, are not carpeted save by a little strip of something that looks like drugget placed along the side of my bedstead. I rejoice at this, how-

ever, and I think, perhaps, if some people I have met only knew what a receptacle of invisible abominations an ill-kept carpet is, they might be glad enough to exchange it for the spotless surface of a polished floor.

What is especially convenient also is the arrangement of my little dwelling. In the first place it is all on one floor, and the doors, the upper part of which are of stained glass, so that you cannot see through them, open from one room into the other. My sitting-room is of course the best of the suite, and is almost as large as an English ball-room in a country-house. Let me look round it. The paper is of a plain light stone-colour, which serves to set off to considerable advantage the pictures which hang round the room, in quaint antique frames, pleasing and suggestive of thought enough, which I take to be the real charm of pictures, but rather too numerous and too formally placed. Too numerous, because my host is an artist, and, I fear, an ingenious fabricator of old pictures; and too formally placed, because it is scarcely natural in the Germans to be tasteful in the arrangement of anything.

A noble chandelier of cut glass hangs in the centre of the room, and is somewhat too grand for it, large and spacious as it is ; but, upon the whole, it is a graceful ornament, and, with the light playing and sparkling among the cuttings of the glass, enlivens the apartment amazingly. Then there is no end to the looking-glasses in all directions ; and my sitting-room would be the paradise of a coquette, or a dandy, but, unfortunately, there is no getting at any of them. Between the two windows—unlucky position—the principal mirror is slung, a great deal too high, and behind an immoveable sofa, so that there is no getting at it. It is a bad glass also, in spite of its gay frame, and makes me look like the pictures of Voltaire in his old age if I consult it. Then over the door, high and far beyond utility, like some fine people we meet now and then in the world, is placed another circular mirror, but, as when I approach it I seem to be walking on my head, I seldom look up at it. Two others, again, are let into the wall, but have the disadvantage of being almost entirely covered and completely darkened by the curtains.

Neither can I say much for the furniture,

which consists of about a dozen of the hardest, most untractable, uneasy, set of chairs, sofas, and tables, I ever had any dealings with. They are made of veneered wood, badly glued together, and are always giving way at unseasonable times, as if they had been taking a lesson in life from Mrs. Gummidge, and "every think went contrary with them." He must have been a cunning upholsterer who covered those shiny unsafe chairs, and who designed that sofa, which never could be lain down upon by any conceivable tact and self-arrangement. Indeed, it is as well to study the art of balancing one's self under difficulties before attempting even to sit down; for these articles of furniture are indued with an inner garment of a poor but gaudy kind of satin, extremely slippery, and an outer one of glazed chintz. "Hold tight!" might, however, be a good watchword, under such circumstances, upon an English chair, but, with these, it is impossible to take any liberties. Unless, therefore, you sit down very gingerly and respectfully indeed, some part of the woodwork is certain to give way and let you backwards, or through the seat, as the case may be.

I cannot say that these things discompose me much. I like my rooms, upon the whole, infinitely better than Sir Harcourt Berkeley's little confined rabbit-hutch of a lodging in Duke Street, Saint James's, for which he pays five guineas a-week, or something more than six times the price that I do. I have got over the English prejudice about fires too, and begin to think that a handsome China stove, surmounted by an exquisite statue of Vesta, may be as nice-looking a thing, and quite as warm and comfortable, as an open fire-place, scorching your cheeks and ruining your eyes ; and that, if made on true scientific principles, it will diffuse a far more regular and healthy heat ; and, in any case, that it is infinitely cleaner and more economical. I do not breathe all sorts of gases and impurities when sitting too near it, and little purses and coffins do not fly out and burn holes in my slippers. I am not worried by being constantly obliged to look after it and poke it and nurse it ; I am not obliged to get up, once or twice every half hour, in windy weather, to open the doors and windows to clear the room of smoke ; I am not obliged to have a

dirty coal-scuttle in my room, made to tumble over in the dark ; and I do not run splinters up my nails while putting on wood, my stove being fed at the back ; and all I know of the operation being a pleasant rumbling as fresh logs are cast on, and a roar, like that of a distant torrent, as the rushing air is compelled, by science, to act like an untiring pair of bellows that wants no working. Should some clever person say, that, in a little while I must be breathing air too dry to be wholesome at this rate, I answer, that a very simple means of preventing the air of my room from becoming too dry is to place upon my stove a little vase containing water, and artificial flowers, if I want it to look pretty ; and besides, as I have already said, my rooms communicating one with another, I can regulate the temperature of them just as I please, or even open a distant window.

Let me see if I can remember how the day passes. In the first place, then, I rise soon after daylight, for one must be a sluggard indeed to sleep late in a German house, and it is next to impossible to do so. At the very top of the morning a man who is maintained by voluntary contributions from all my neighbours

begins ringing an enormous bell, ten times louder than a dustman's, with the premeditated purpose of waking up man, woman, and child, and it is but doing him justice to say he succeeds most thoroughly. Then comes a crier, who is employed indifferently by the auctioneers of any public sale that is to take place during the day, and by advertizing shopkeepers or people who have lost or found anything. This functionary shouts out his mission in the hoarsest, strongest voice ever heard, and repeats it at the corner of every street in the town, according to the terms of his contract. Understanding what he says is of course out of the question, but he wakes me up for all that, even if my slumbers have survived the bell.

Up I get, then ; and from bed into an immense tub, which serves me for a bath ; an unpopular institution in Germany, and therefore my proceedings in this respect are subjected to much remark and inquiry. Nay, on one occasion, my servant is waylaid by a fierce baron, who lives on the same story, and whose curiosity has become uncontrollable. That nobleman insists that my servant shall demand an immediate interview for him, and, as he is known to be connected with the police, his

demand is of course looked upon as law by a German. On being shown in he casts a rapid look round the apartment; probably he has concluded in his own mind that so much water can be for nothing else than the alimentary purposes of democrats or refugees. He greets me however with extravagant politeness, a caricature of French hat-taking-offism, before Frenchmen lost their manners, and at length makes known to me the object of his early visit. He is anxious to see what I do with so much water; and on my reply seems relieved, but looks doubtful, and still unconvinced. Upon which I take him into that sanctum sanctorum, that holy of holies, where the tub is placed surrounded by wet oil cloth, and considerable splashing. He cannot resist the evidence of his own senses, but still supposes I warm the water. No! at fault again, it is cold. "Impossible," exclaims the Baron, "during the whole of the winter months from the beginning of October till the end of May, I am glad to huddle on my clothes, when I get up, as fast as I can, and never take them off till I go to bed again, sometimes not then. Such a discipline would be the death of me."

This important ceremony over, I receive a visit from an elderly lady, who is the cook of the establishment. She brings me a small cup of coffee and two little rolls, each made in the shape of a child's penny trumpet. These I reject for the twentieth time, requesting, mildly, that they should be replaced by tea and a beef steak. The old lady lifts up her hands and eyes, and wonders how it is possible to eat beef steaks so early in the morning, but is reassured by a pleasant word or two, and fancies I must have been ill the night before, as I tell her I eat no black puddings for supper. She is succeeded by the functionary in uniform, who brings my newspaper from the other end of the town for the exact sum of the third of a farthing daily. He, in his turn, gives place to a person who in appearance might pass for a professor of divinity, and I rise, respectfully, when he is shown in. He informs me, however, that he is a journeyman watchmaker, travelling, and shows me little books stamped all over, and certificates stamped and sealed, without end, as a preparatory ceremony to asking for some pecuniary assistance on his journey. I give him a shilling, upon which he

believes that I must desire change, and informs me, hesitatingly, that he has none, though I am not quite sure that he is telling me the truth; I reassure him, however, and, making me a formal and rather condescending bow, he goes upon his way.

Again, I must look up from a review of the works of Shakespeare, which occupies two-thirds of my morning paper, for there is Pepi, my servant, waiting to speak to me.

"A lady wishes to know," says Pepi, "if your grace is disengaged."

"Certainly," reply I, "who is she?"

"The lady declines to give her name, and, being shewn in, nevertheless expresses some little hesitation in accepting the seat which I offer her, and begins playing with a small and neat leather instrument-case, which she has taken out from that sanctuary of sanctuaries, a lady's pocket. I look inquiry, and she is not slow to respond, though she does so with an air of considerable mystery. Should I like to have any grey hairs eradicated? no, she sees I have not got any; but I wear my moustachios badly, and there are a few hairs about the corners of my mouth which might be pulled out

with advantage. Then my eyebrows! she is really distressed at them; they are quite straight; she could arch them beautifully in five minutes, would I let her try. No? was it possible? well, the English lords she had met with had been all so odd; hardly one of them would submit to having his whiskers pulled out; yet nothing could be in such bad taste as a whisker; it spoiled the *classical* look of the face (dear Public, I am not exaggerating; "*classikalisch*" is the very word she uses), and made all the English lords look like drum majors. A little moustache falling naturally and an imperial—that was the fashion of princes; the rest of the face should be cleared by the art of the tweezer. So then there was no convincing me? asks the lady incredulously. I fear there is not; my very face is unconsciously seized with a nervous twitching as she talks. Still she does not despair; she has remarked that most English lords have little hard excrescences on the feet—may she say corns? I laugh and blush slightly, not being used to such inquiries on the part of ladies, but there must be something in my look which owns that here she has me, and in far less than that period of time

which is popularly known as a jiffy, or by Mr. Paul Bedford as the "twinkling of a bedpost," I find one of my slippers is reposing at a distance from me and the foot to which it belongs is in the lady's lap, undergoing a very delicate and serviceable manipulation. The operation is soon over, the lady's fee, just eight pence, deposited in the sanctuary before alluded to, and she takes her leave just as the magnificent music of one of those splendid German military bands comes pealing in through the open window, filling the room with martial melody, and my imagination with all sorts of heroic thoughts. Oh, those German bands, how much have they to answer for! I look upon them, for my part, as the very bulwark and strong tower of defence of the military despotisms. There stands poor Freedom, cowed and broken-spirited, slandered and insulted, while Slavery goes by in such pomp and glory, such braying of trumpets, and such clashing of cymbals, that no wonder the crowd love false glitter better than true worth. Perhaps you and I should have done so, dear reader, if we had been brought up in Germany, for—

" There are no hearts like English hearts,
Where'er the light of day be."

The band sweeps on, followed by a rabble rout of admirers, and I begin to pass an hour or two in the picture gallery. I never can tire of those splendid foreign picture galleries. Another hour or two spent in the studios of artists with whom I have gradually become intimate, a hard task, but well worth the trouble ; an hour devoted to a music lesson ; another to a game at fives, in which I am growing a proficient, though the Germans still beat me ; then an hour spent in shooting at a mark, or in sword exercise, in both of which pursuits I am excelled by my companions, or in a free gallop, which I am obliged to take by myself—and so to dress and to dinner.

I will not dine at one o'clock, after the custom of the Germans, because I find it spoils my day, and I do not drink Bavarian beer, because it disagrees with me—both of which peculiarities bring me rather into disrepute at first, but by persevering in them they get to be looked upon simply as evidences of that " spleen " which is supposed to be a charac-

teristic of my countrymen, and I am pitied and forgiven. The waiter even at the inn where I dine takes me gradually under his protection, for which I am grateful and reward him liberally; not too liberally, however, lest I should spoil the market in waiters, and others come to grief thereby. Penetrated by good feeling towards me, however, this functionary sends me in my beef half raw, under the impression that such is the method of cooking it in benighted England; being remonstrated with, however, in gentle terms, he corrects his error, and as, in spite of the manner in which Englishmen are laughed at, there is a great deal of Anglo-mania about, I find him watching me curiously, and, after a little time, emboldened by my conciliating manners, he ventures to ask for the pattern of my great coat. I allow him to take it, and make him happy, though I cannot say, when he appears in his new garment, that the pattern of mine seems to have been taken very accurately. Indeed, I hope it is not, for my friend the waiter's coat is too short behind and too long before, and the collars fall unequally, and it buttons in wrinkles enough to make Mr. Davis's foreman go wild with grief. The colour

too is eccentric, being a yellowish brown, with metal buttons, lined with a bright red, which the waiter thinks an improvement, and I have no right to complain.

Perhaps it is also to take the pattern of one of my coats that I find the Baron so busy in my room when I return home to fetch my subscription ticket to the stalls of the theatre. As I do not keep my coats in my writing desk, however, though I have left the key out, the idea appears improbable, so I ask him, just for the sake of acquiring information, and because I am of a curious and inquisitive turn of mind.

"He had rendered himself," he says, "simply for the purpose of making me a visit," and, as I had never before been at home at this hour, and I found him comfortably smoking a cigar and reading my letters to pass the time, I feel surprised.

Would I inform him of my intention in visiting Germany? Am I engaged in the charming pursuit of literature? No? Surely! That astonished him, so many of my countrymen make such fine incomes by letters. Might he ask me if I have many friends in Germany, if I intend staying long, and who is my banker?

In short, there is no end to his kind inquiries, and it has been probably to satisfy himself on these points, that I just then remember (looking at him more attentively) that he has been following me about, in rain and fine weather, ever since my arrival.

And I go to the theatre and see one of those dear old German plays, all speculative conversation, far, very far beyond any possibility of comprehension by me or anybody else, so I go to sleep. Yet it seems all very lachrymose and spirit-stirring too, for, as I always wake up when the orchestra begins (the music is, of course, excellent), I am enabled to see more white pocket handkerchiefs and red noses than I can count. The play, long as it is, is over at half-past nine; if it were not, the audience would decline to wait for its conclusion, that being the hour for supper. If ever, therefore, this time is in the least exceeded, a banging of box-doors, sounding like the irregular fire of a band of guerillas, is sure to be heard, and the house clears in no time. I do not eat supper, however, finding that after a five or six o'clock dinner I have no appetite left; and thus am obliged to take

an evening walk before I venture to call on any of my acquaintance, as is the custom after the theatre in Germany. At eleven o'clock, however, I generally make my appearance somewhere, and am very well received. Some beautiful singing and music, or some merry games, and, perhaps, a dance, conclude the day, and I go home, ringing up the porter of my palace, who claims three shillings every month, or rather more than a penny a-day, for letting me in after ten o'clock at night. In the morning again I receive a printed invitation to present myself at nine o'clock at the police office, and, though somewhat startled, especially as I cannot help connecting it with the visit of my friend the Baron on the previous evening, I go punctual to the time, and find that nobody can make out what I want, or what to say to me, till I observe my friend the Baron coming out of a room in the establishment, and he immediately approaches me with a profusion of compliments. He has come himself, he says, for a passport; will I allow him to assist me in the object of my visit? I bow somewhat stiffly to decline the attention, but that nobleman, whose courtesies

will not receive any discouragement from mere English coldness of manner, hastens to conduct me into the room he has just quitted, where I find a grave functionary with a most imposing uniform and fierce moustachios, but a good-natured-looking fellow for all that. I exhibit my printed invitation, and he begins to question me. I am also cross-questioned in the most charming manner by the Baron himself, who seems to have the lively interest he takes in my proceedings by no means damped from my answers of last night. I refer, however, to the British minister, and to the first banker of the town, as well as to several persons of high rank, to whom I had letters of introduction, and am requested very politely to "present myself" again on the following morning, at the same hour, while I cannot help noticing that the good-humoured functionary casts no very friendly look at my neighbour the Baron, and seems to think him a good-for-nothing mischief-maker, though he stands plainly in awe of him. I do not go, however, on the following morning, and am not summoned; when I meet the good-natured functionary by acci-

dent in the street, too, he stops to speak to me, and seems to bear me no grudge for having neglected to obey his commands. The Baron, when I meet him at balls and parties, is quite oppressive in his civilities, though he does not make me any more visits, and, indeed, the curiosity of my host, which was at one time troublesome, has subsided into such an awe-struck respect, that I would rather not meet him, for he makes such low bows, and gives me such high-sounding titles, that I am ashamed of him. In short, nobody worries me any longer except the old lady who brings me my coffee of a morning. She, indeed, I have reason to suppose, is for ever rummaging in my drawers when I am absent, for at least half my handkerchiefs and gloves disappear by magic, and I am sure to hear the hurried and unequal pattering of her feet scudding over the polished floor if ever I return suddenly or unexpectedly. I hear, however, that she is fond of dancing, and going to be married to her third husband, so that I am not surprised at her anxiety for her personal appearance; and, indeed, she is not so very much

unlike certain lodging-house people I have met in England, that I have any right to consider her confusion of ideas as to what is hers and what is mine as at all foreign, or even peculiar.

CHAPTER XIII.

I see a strange confession in thine eye :
Thou shake'st thy head ; and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth.

HENRY IV.

WE were a merry party of English that pleasant summer time at Dresden. What a quaint, thorough German town it is. In spite of the army of travellers that invade it every year with the swallows, I do not know any town which so completely preserves the national characteristics. Even the smuggest of the citizen's wives and daughters walk about in their uncouth picturesque costume, which, though it is far from pretty, must have maintained its ground for centuries. Thus Dresden is the very home of arts and artists, the Athens of

Germany; while even the *haute noblesse* is very civil to strangers, and society goes on upon the easiest and most agreeable footing possible. In winter there is a perpetual round of gaieties, and in summer you need trouble yourself about nobody, and are within a couple of hours' drive of some of the most picturesque and least hacknied scenery in the world, for it is astonishing how few of the people who make a match against time and race through Europe turn aside even to hurry over the romantic valleys of Saxon Switzerland.

Let me pause to remember the manner of our life there. William Howard had been living in Dresden for some months previous to my arrival, and I could not very clearly make out how or what he was doing, for, in spite of his active habits and country education, he seemed never to get up till late in the day, and we never saw him till evening. So that though we were very good friends we were little together. There were, however, so many people to supply his place, that I never felt so little isolated anywhere abroad.

M. and Madame de Moncy being among the reader's acquaintance, and necessary to the

progress of my story, I may mention more particularly. They had established themselves in Dresden to enable Adolphe to make copies of some rare pictures, by one of the old masters, which De Beaumont wished to possess, though I half fancied at the time that there was some other reason for their having left Paris. Nathalie had ripened into a very beautiful woman; but I never could explain to myself how it was that I always had a feeling of undefined uneasiness in her presence, and could not help fancying that some day she might be guilty of all sorts of secret and dreadful crimes. There was something electric in her bright snake-like eyes, with their shifty glance; and she walked about with such a noiseless tread, that it seemed almost unnatural. Our acquaintance, however, was of such long standing, that it would have been ungracious in me to break it off; and there was, indeed, such an evident desire on her part to resume it, that I was brought into very frequent contact with them. Nevertheless in the most intimate moments I always felt that I was watching her, and, in whatever part of the room she might be, I knew what she was doing by a kind of uncomfortable

instinct, such as a nervous person has in the presence of a cat.

I remember one occasion particularly. I had gone to supper there, and had introduced William Howard to the painter's acquaintance at their mutual request, though I had an unaccountable foreboding that evil would come of it, and had several times previously made excuses to avoid bringing them together. We were all seated in a large bare German room, with a polished floor, and scanty curtains, untractable furniture, and an immense chandelier. The bed, which marked the habits of the foreigner, was at one end of the room, and a piano at the other. There was none of that light air of grace and elegance about it which speaks of feminine love of home and gentle tastes. Even the dress of Nathalie herself was hard and free from ornament, and her hair, though naturally beautiful, was arranged in the manner which appeared to give the least trouble. She seemed to want that household vanity which is one of the very charm of charms in women.

Adolphe Money lay twisted up on a sofa in some unnatural form or other, and was sketch-

ing with a piece of charcoal on the fly-leaf of a book resting on his knees, while I leaned on the back looking over him, and William Howard and Nathalie talked together in honour of his being the newest guest.

"Tiens," said the painter, "v'là ma femme!"

William Howard immediately crossed over to look at the portrait.

"Eh bien, ne trouvez vous pas de rassemblement?"

"It is a devil, of course," said Nathalie, with a sneer.

"Mais, oui, toutes les femmes sont des diables : n'est ce pas?"

"You at least may boast of knowing an exception," said William Howard, gallantly.

"What a talent you English have for compliment," returned the painter; "en France c'est imode passée."

"Oh, husbands never pay compliments," cried Nathalie; "for my part, I wonder why you men marry."

"Ah, oui," cried Moncy, "voilà ce qui est bien vrai."

"Never marry," said Nathalie, with that

disagreeable French philosophy of manner, "never marry, Mr. Howard; nobody will take any interest in you if you do."

"Fie!" said I; "that is bad advice from a lady."

"But then," returned Nathalie, "I did not mean it for you. *You* are just the person who ought to marry. It will *become* you. You are naturally quiet and serious, and would take to your 'bonnet de coton' kindly. I was speaking for Mr. Howard."

"I, of course, never shall marry," said Howard, "for the best possible reason, that nobody would have me; I hang too loosely on society. For Evelyn, of course, it is different. He is a rich man, and has different objects in life. There is another reason too why *I* should not marry, not because I should be unhappy, but because my wife would, for I have no position in society."

"C'est tres bien dit," said the painter, who thought all utterance of feeling a mere happy turn of expression, and admired it as he would have done a good picture. "A man who has his fortune to make ought not to marry. Ladies

are articles of luxury, and should be well kept or not at all."

"Shame on you both," said I. "I believe that a true-hearted woman is never so happy as when sharing the struggles of a worthy husband. There is far too much false sentiment on this subject. I am quire sure that married men live not only more happily, but are far more likely to succeed in life than others whom no motive urges to exertion, who have nothing to restrain them from folly, none to *hope* with them."

"Yes," replied Howard, with kindling eyes. "Do you remember the fine lines of Prior :—

'Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
And to forsake the ship and make the shore
When the wind whistles, and the tempests roar.'

You have well described the English feeling on such subjects."

"But not the French one," answered Nathalie. "Believe me, Monsieur Howard, a vain man should never marry; he becomes a nothing in society for ever afterwards, and all men who are worth anything are vain."

"What do you mean by becoming nothing

in society?" said I, surprised at this view of the case, "I should say he acquired additional importance."

"Perhaps," returned, Nathalie; "but he has no more triumphs; ladies rule society, and we are always more or less angry with a married man for having put himself without the list of our worshippers. The handsomer and cleverer he is, the more he feels his mistake; and we make him feel it."

"Et puis il se fâche," said the painter; "and that is why you have so few pleasant people in society,—for all clever men marry early."

"All vain ones do," replied Nathalie, who was always sparring with her husband; "they cannot resist their first conquest, and a woman may persuade them into anything by flattery."

"Ah!" said the painter, "happy is the married man who does not regret it at least twenty-four times a day."

"Why, you heretic," cried I, "that is almost twice every hour that you are awake. What would you give for the thoughts of the man who lies sick, and lonely, cheerless, and friendless?"

"A man need never be friendless without he likes," said Howard.

"Pas d'accord," said the Frenchman.

"Ah! there are no friends in the world, Monsieur Howard; so you will find when—when you are as old as I am," said Nathalie, coquettishly, and though she had known Simonet de Beaumont.

"But, after all," said I, "what is a friend, or even a mistress, to a wife? There is that perfect community of interest between a man and his wife that makes them almost one and the same person; it is like having a double self. There can be no other such feeling."

"Well, then, mariez vous au plus vite. I see you will not escape long, so I discard you at once from my lovers; but Mr. Howard must promise to take my advice," rejoined Nathalie.

"Ma foi, il fera bien," said the Frenchman; "to marry at his age, is to waste your youth,—to pine it away in hopeless discontent, hankering after pleasures you may no longer share. The married man, let his age be what it will, grows old at once, and the dance and the theatre should know him no more; his dress,

even, should be different to that of other young men, square cut and respectable."

"Away with you," said I, "you would make marriage a living death."

"It must be a living death, or a living lie," said the painter; "vous n'avez qu'à choisir?"

"Yes," said Nathalie, "it is even a living death or a living lie to women; we cannot, from our hearts, love and respect a man whom we have chosen unwisely, and, though we may flirt, we must not conquer; the heaven of women is widowhood."

"Suppose we change the conversation," said I, laughing; but I might as well have spoken to the chandelier.

"A married man," continued the painter, "ne doit jamais manquer aux convenances—he must keep up appearances, and so he gives up his liberty; for a *garçon* can despise them as much as he likes. Eh puis, mon Dieu! you do not know what it is to talk every evening to the same woman."

"Well, there is something in that certainly," said Howard, recovering from the embarrassment into which he had been thrown by the tone of the conversation.

"Good night," said I, "you are all heathens. I shall go home."

"Et vous nous laissez la victoire?"

"Not at all," answered I. "You frighten me, that is all. If you mean to say that bad men—men who are never happy save at a debauch or the gaming table—had better remain single, granted; but, to my mind, one hour of tranquil happiness with one you really love, one day of the ennobling knowledge that you are the centre of many hopes, the husband, the father, the protector, is worth a whole lifetime of the mere heartless round of wearisome frivolities, which one soon learns to despise, after a very little experience of their hollowness. Even I, at twenty, am sick of what you call society. Nay, I go further, and judging from those I know best, I would say, let a man marry young, or not at all."

"Stop to supper; there is something coming from the hotel, though I do not know what it is," said Nathalie, who lived in the cheerless, unthrifty fashion of sending for her repasts one by one.

"Cela ne vaudrait pas la peine.—I will bet that there comes a sauerkraut and a black

pudding," cried the painter. "My wife is no manager ; I think I must take a German one to help her. I am told I should make my fortune by it."

I allowed myself to be persuaded, however ; and the supper, such as it was, all cold and uncomfortable, and the dishes appearing in the most eccentric order, was shortly after put on the table ; and, as I saw how unlovely the painter's home was, and compared it with the other homes of Frenchmen in the same class of life, my wonder grew less at their fondness for out-of-door life, and their contempt for their household gods. I thought I had found a key to the whole of the previous conversation.

"I wonder why she threw herself away on that little ape of a fellow," said William Howard to me, as we walked towards my hotel. "To be sure he is clever, but he is not worthy of her."

"Humph !" said I.

"She is really charming though, is n't she ?" rejoined Howard. "That little wretch must have bewitched her."

"Yet," said I, "you may be surprised to

learn that she might have married one of the handsomest and most distinguished men in France."

"No," returned he, "that is just what I am not surprised at; I am only astonished at her tying herself to such a little deformed fellow as Moncy."

"I suppose," said I, "she told us the secret herself. It was vanity on both sides. He was proud in being able to win her from a better man, and he talked her into having him."

"Ye gods, the little dog must have been a magician!"

"Very likely. His character is not much unlike that of a magician in a child's toy book. There are many Frenchmen like him—great talents and a wrong mind—large brains and little hearts—gifted, without principle. They seldom do anything great; though they might easily surpass those who do."

"Why, Evelyn, you are getting quite a sage. Why don't you write a book?" said Howard, who always had a propensity for inoculating his acquaintances with his own ideas.

"I may some day," said I; "as yet I have

not felt enough ; most of my ideas are from books, and I should take memory for invention."

"Right enough. Neither of us could write a good novel. But why don't you try your hand at an essay? it would be as original as essays can be now-a-days."

"Why," said I, "I have noticed ever since I can remember, that there were short periods, constantly recurring, when I felt disposed to work, and others when I loved to be idle, and my brain seemed lying fallow."

"Of course, of course; every man feels that—I do. But I must work; I am living by it."

"What living by writing books?"

"Yes," returned Howard, slightly hesitating, "by books, or rather by writings."

"Indeed!" said I, "may I look at your manuscripts?"

"No, no; it would never do to show the mechanism of a work till it is finished. Milton would have been put out of conceit with *Paradise Lost*, if he had read it to a friend in parts."

"Good night, then."

“ Good night ;—but, by the way, when shall you go to Moncy’s again ?”

“ Not soon,” said I ; “ and I would not advise you to get too intimate with them. Lebe wohl.”

CHAPTER XIV.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still the important end of life
They equally may answer.

BURNS.

I HAD almost forgotten to mention another of the reader's acquaintances, who was also at Dresden, though I saw little of him during the early part of my stay there. This was Sir Harcourt Berkeley, who had got a year's leave of absence, and was spending it abroad. Having been ordered to Carlsbad, to repair the fatigues of a London life, he had come on to the Saxon capital, and appeared to like it so much that he stayed on and on, taking little heed of time.

He was a regular English traveller, one of those who are always getting into scrapes of one kind or another all over Europe. He had been twice fined for boxing, and had got into innumerable difficulties about his passport at every town he stopped at. All sorts of stories were in circulation about him ; and I was pestered to death with inquiries as to who he was and what he was. It was very difficult, indeed, to persuade people that he was not a Prince of the Blood, and he was reported to be fabulously rich. He was never easy unless spending money, and would get rid of fifty or a hundred pounds like wildfire, in a morning's walk. He bought every thing that was to be seen or heard of, till it was almost impossible to enter his rooms at the hotel without tumbling over a new purchase. Services of China without end—pipes which he never smoked—thousands upon thousands of cigars—old arms and old armour, perfectly useless for any conceivable purpose—carved wood—ancient silver ornaments, made up for sale—ivories, paintings, statues, and what not ; such were the things which forestalled the rents of the North Country Baronet.

Then, as he played very badly, and had the misfortune to think he played very well, at all games of chance, he was pounced upon by a flight of foreign hawks in no time. A French billiard-marker, travelling upon ill-gotten gains, somewhere in the neighbourhood, hearing of Sir Harcourt's whereabouts, spent his last remaining money in the purchase of a roulette apparatus ; and, having easily made the young baronet's acquaintance, fleeced him to such a tune that he was enabled to set up a bill-discounting business in Paris afterwards, and became a rich man. He had a narrow escape, however, for, the police hearing of what he had been about, through the jealousy of some native blacklegs (who had their own designs on poor Berkeley), he was obliged to decamp rather hastily, with nothing but a bundle of bank notes and his dupe's acceptances.

Sir Harcourt was not cured, nevertheless, for nothing seems to stop a man who has a propensity for gambling, however often his eyes may be opened. The guardsman, therefore, generally got up about four o'clock in the afternoon ; dressed himself so as to be the very model of all the dandies in Dresden (who in-

deed had never before seen such a splendid apparition); sauntered listlessly about for an hour; dined with his new companions, seldom with me; and then, with his weak brain on fire with strong drinks, sat down and often played high till daybreak the next morning.

He began to like the life too, and sometimes, when we met by chance, used to congratulate himself, with an excited English guffaw! on having become quite a foreigner. The Germans liked him very much, though they laughed at him, and he became quite the rage. The Count Max von Kaiserschmarn, one of the established lions of the land, fell off twenty per cent. in reputation. He bethought himself of bribing Sir Harcourt's servant to find out the address of the guardsman's tradespeople in London, and went over to them specially to get measured, as a means of stopping the defection of his admirers. But Max was unlucky in his choice of colours, and somehow or other he never looked dressed like an Englishman do what he would. There was literally no coming up to that inimitable St. James's Street saunter, those wonderful coats, and those ever-varying ties and cravats. Sir Harcourt, with his sleepy

eye and splendid disdain of expense and every thing else, the Count Max probably included, was altogether such a heavy swell that his rival sunk into nothing beside him. Despite the grave constitutional vanity of a German, the Count Max even began to feel and confess his inferiority, till at last he condescended to ask advice about his hat; and thenceforth, all rivalry being at an end, the guardsman took him benignly under his protection. Sir Harcourt was a sad acquaintance for the little Count, however, I am afraid, though he taught him not to turn out his toes so much, or to wag his hips, and taught him, what seems the most difficult art of all to a German, that of walking properly. His tailor's bills, however, increased to such an unheard of amount, that long after Sir Harcourt's departure the sojourner in Dresden was sure to hear fabulous stories of the magnificent expenses which finally brought the chief of the mediatised house of Kaiserschmarn to untimely ruin. People would intimate darkly that the Englishman had even learned him to be clean; from which unnational custom they dated the downfall of his fortunes; and, indeed, there seemed to have been a mysterious prophecy,

that whenever a Count of Kaiserschmarn should take a bath the end of his family prosperity was nigh. Poor Max, with a natural antipathy to water, hoped to escape from the effects of this denunciation against his race by using eau-de-Cologne. But, whether it was that eau-de-Cologne was an expensive article to a German fortune, and thus only added to his difficulties, or whether the good genius of his family was unappeasably incensed by any ablution whatever, remains doubtful.

I was half amused and half annoyed at the proceedings of my former schoolfellow. The prominent position which he began to occupy was so new to him that he committed a good many absurdities in it ; and a little Mohawkism which began to be heard of just at that time in Dresden was not at all to my taste, and I very much suspected the author of several practical jokes that astonished the natives not a little. I was afraid, too, as some of them were rather of a dangerous kind, that they might bring him in the end into unpleasant interviews with the police ; for, funny as such things used to be considered ten or a dozen years ago in England, even there they are fortunately gone out of

date now, and in Germany people could never be brought to see the wit of them at all. I liked therefore very well to watch him kinging it over his company and bragging in his grand way about all things English; but when he painted out the royal arms over the post-office and wrote "letters opened here" in large characters instead; and when he made a policeman tipsy, and turned him out while in that state, and in a fancy costume of his own device, I confess I grew alarmed for the result. There was no doubt either that he would have been very summarily sent out of the country, but that there happened to be a poor scholar there at the time who was collecting materials for a history; and this, as I afterwards learned, was eagerly seized upon as a pretext for getting rid of him: so Sir Harcourt escaped from the consequences of his vivacious sallies, little knowing why; or it is but justice to him to say he would have come forward at once and bore the brunt of them.

So he strayed on, and, as I have said, appeared to enjoy himself very much, though he quarrelled with everything and everybody eternally. He was at once the terror and

admiration of all the waiters and tradesmen in the town. The soup did not please him which he got at dinner, nor the sauerkraut, nor the black puddings or sausages which accompanied it. He sent back his wine regularly every day to be changed, and got the same back again with a different coloured seal hastily put on, asserting with the air of a Savarin that there was no deceiving him. He rowed people roundly for not understanding him ; though he never would have learned German if he had remained in the country half his life. Fortunately, however, his hard words being in English they hurt nobody, and I have reason to believe several waiters treasured up some of them for after-use, imagining them to be the common fabulations in vogue among the upper classes in our country.

CHAPTER XV.

“Immer strebe zum Ganzen, und kannst du selber dein
Ganzes
Werden, als dienendes Glied schliess, an Ganzes dich an !”
SCHILLER.

“Do you know,” said William Howard to me some days afterwards, “that I have been thinking seriously about what you said the other night, that you had not felt enough to write a good novel? Yet I am writing one, who am but little older than you, and who have passed the best part of my life in a village where there was little ever to rouse the heart or the intellect.”

I knew Howard had a weakness for talking,

so I let him go on ; and, after a short pause, he continued,

“To be sure, I have been tossed about enough these last two years, and seen many changes in my own fortunes and those of others ; but it has been all so like a dream that I cannot recollect single incidents clearly.”

“You will do that by-and-bye, perhaps,” said I.

“Exactly,” replied he ; “but meantime the book I am writing is altogether one of imagination ; I have written to my father to ask his advice : let me read you his answer. Stay—oh ! here it is,” and Howard read,—

“You tell me you are obliged to draw altogether on imagination for the incidents of your book, and that your last two years of busy life amid so many and such stirring events suggests little to you. I do not wonder at this ; real circumstances and even ideas must have laid a long time revolving in the mind before they work gracefully into fiction.

“Not even Sir Walter Scott could write well about so recent an event as the battle of Waterloo was in his time ; and if an author attempt to throw a fictitious interest round

living men, I hardly know anything generally more insipid than the result. Satire is a different thing; but that is the last species of writing I should recommend you to cultivate, if you feel to have a genius for letters, as I believe you have. Nothing will grow upon you so much as the habit of ridicule in your writings, and so much passes for wit in that way which is mere ill nature; and I have a species of instinctive dislike to a satirist.

“As to your question whether a mere work of imagination is likely to succeed in these days, I believe that original works of imagination always succeed better than any other. Only work out one single new or even an unhacknied idea with tolerable skill, and you will have readers enough. Where writers fail it is generally because they will copy other people, and we do not want to read an indifferent imitation of a good original. If every writer would honestly and truly chronicle his own thoughts only, we should have many more interesting books than we have. Writing up to the fashion you consider in vogue, ‘the present taste of the public,’ as you think it, is a mistake; for the truth is, there never was, is,

or can be any fashion which you need care for in books, and every writer worth reading creates a new one. He is followed by a host of literary hacks, and so springs up a fashion which the very first man of real talent changes. Authorship, however, is a profession, and you must not keep behind the knowledge of your time any more than a lawyer or a chemist. Read whatever new books are worth reading. If you are writing a novel, read the best recent novels for amusement, and the best old ones for study ; not but what you may really learn as much or more from Dickens and Thackeray, and from the wonderful art of construction of Bulwer, than from Smollett and Fielding, Richardson, or Dr. Moore ; but I make the difference because you really must read the old authors, and they are not particularly interesting, save to a literary student.

“ There is one thing which I especially recommend you to avoid, and which is one of the capital faults of young writers : that of overcrowding your book with incidents. I do not know anything more wearisome to the reader. Take some one idea, involving if possible a great useful moral truth, and work it

out steadily, with such illustrations as may blend most happily with your subject, such as suggest themselves naturally, and are not far-fetched. Do not say all that may be said, but choose the best and most salient points. One of the great charms of a good book is to make the reader think, not to tell him what he shall think. Suggest ideas, therefore; do not exhaust them. One of the first rules of taste is to conceal a part, to leave something for imagination.

Do not hurry your book; a good novel cannot be written quickly, though you should be always thinking about it, and ripening the subjects of it in your mind. *Rasselas* was written in a few days, and is one of the finest books in the language; but who can say how long the one idea it contains had been revolving in the Titan mind of its author? Besides, *Rasselas* is a narrative. When, therefore, you feel in the humour, and have thought well over what you have to say, write on bravely till you feel wearied, and if this carries you to the end, why so much the better. But remember you have no right to give your crude ideas to the world till you have taken all the trouble

possible to weed out error from them. Go, therefore, over your work carefully a second time, and be very strict over all you have written hastily ; for an author has a great and sacred duty to fulfil, and is bound to write as well as he can, lest false and foolish things, leading, may be, to endless evil, come into the world through him.

“At the same time I would have you be on your guard against becoming the slave of your own inclinations, and only writing when the fit is upon you. If you choose literature as a profession,—and it is now an honourable and lucrative one,—you must follow it steadily, or you will never succeed. Genius is a very fine thing, but its flights must be moderated. Pegasus must be bitted, and, though you are not bound to ride him over the pavement like a dull hack, beware of letting him run away with you. If an author has reflected sufficiently on his subject he can write as well at one time as another ; and waiting for inspiration is the most miserable of all subterfuges invented by our own idleness. Away with it ! Take your pen in hand, put your paper before you, and your thoughts will come trooping along from far and wide till they gradually con-

centre themselves upon your subject. Indeed, I believe nothing assists thought so much as some material occupation, like writing. I will give an instance :—

“ One of Napoleon’s generals, I forget which, had an inveterate habit of smoking. He smoked day and night, night and day, in bed and out of bed ; eating, drinking, sitting, standing, walking, riding, thinking, sometimes even sleeping, the everlasting pipe was in his mouth. He was reputed a clever man, and so remarkably well informed of the state of the troops under his command, even down to the minutest details, that Napoleon sent for him on some occasion of peculiar emergency, and asked his advice.

“ The great respect which the Emperor exacted, however, from all who came near him, of course brought the General into his presence without a pipe, and not a question could he answer. Napoleon grew angry, when somebody suggested the real cause of the General’s being at fault, and when he was allowed to smoke his ideas came fast enough.

“ Now, what his pipe was to Napoleon’s General is the pen to an author. The magic

wand which strikes the rock, and forth flow living waters.

“Accustom yourself, too, to be good-tempered, if interrupted ; and remember that Scott wrote *Marmion* amid the din of the nursery. Authors have generally a bad character for irritability. It is, however, all habit, and may be conquered by a steady determination.

“To conclude—never write without having fixed upon some honest, good, ennobling purpose, and have it always steadily before you. It is incalculable the good that even one earnest writer may do in the history of the world, and the high place he may be called upon to fill ; before that of generals, and armies, and kings. I may venture, I think, safely to say that some of the wisest measures which have lately been carried into execution by the legislature have been first suggested and advocated in novels ; and some of the most crying abuses of our times have been suppressed by them. Remember that your holiest duty is to render men better and happier, to strengthen their judgments, and to encourage their virtues ; not to weaken either by confusing them with vain doubts and showy sophistry, or trying to find

excuses for evil. Make your characters as interesting as you can, but do not seek to throw a charm over their vices. If you must represent evil things represent them as they are—have seen them to be—not as you may fancy them, and they will have little attraction for anybody.

“ It is scarcely necessary to add that your story should not have too many characters in it, and all whom you introduce to the reader should have some special business with it. If, however, you want some particular person for a brief purpose, you are not bound to provide for him afterwards throughout your book, and bring him either to happiness or condign punishment, as circumstances may require. A novel should be a representation of life, and in life we meet many people only once. Not a line throughout your whole book should be wasted ; and beware especially of your dialogue. Conversations in books should be more than mere flights of imagination. Let them always, therefore, serve either to illustrate individual character, the manners of a class, or to advance your story. I recommend you also rather to choose your personages as types of a class than

as mere portraits ; you have a broader field, and are less likely to be mistaken ; paint, however, as much as you can from the life. The foreground of your picture may be all imagined, but the accessories should be real. A word more, and I have done. A novel is not written by enchantment or inspiration, and genius is little more than study and observation."

"What a kind, thoughtful letter, is it not?" said William. "How thoroughly he enters into everything I do, or wish to do, and tells me how to do it best. Would that I were like him, or that I could even always follow his advice. It is impossible not to help loving my father, isn't it, Evelyn?"

"It is, indeed," said I.

"If anything should ever happen to me, Walter, in the wild life I lead," continued the young man, earnestly, "promise to try and be to him what I ought to have been. He is very fond of you, Walter, and says you are one of the noblest hearted fellows in the world."

"Tush!" answered I; "love begets love; and he knew me when I was such a little boy. Do you remember those happy old days at Marsden?"

"Would to God that I had never left it," returned Howard, gloomily.

"You are nervous to-day, William," said I: "I believe you shut yourself up too much."

"I am very unhappy," said he; "a kind of cloud has come over my spirits lately, as if some misfortune or evil was hanging over me. Do you know, Walter, I often think I shall not live long; and even now, while talking to you, I have quite a strange feeling that you will think of our conversation and me some day long after I am dead, and that you will then remember the strange adventurer whom you once knew and called kinsman, as if he were the personage of a dream, so dimly and distantly."

"Do not talk so wildly," said I. "You have over excited yourself in some way, William. Why will you not go back to England with me, when I come of age, and settle quietly?"

"I shall never settle quietly," answered the restless spirit; "it is not in my nature. I am a rover at heart, Walter. I shall run my appointed round, and then—then—"

"What?" said I: "you quite alarm me."

"Walter!" answered he sadly, "a feeling I

cannot account for has come over me lately. As a boy, long long ago, I had a dream,—so far back that I cannot remember when,—I dreamt that I should be murdered. The scene—the man who struck the blow, were as plain to me as living realities. Well, that dream recurred to me all at once last night; and, Walter,” added Howard, sinking his voice, and speaking abstractedly, and like one whose mind was wandering, “I have seen the persons of my dream in flesh and blood, as I see you now, and I cannot tear myself away from the spell that seems to fascinate me to them.”

“My dear William,” said I, trying to rally him, such “idle fancies are unworthy of you. Why don’t you go out more? Come for a walk with me in the afternoon, and then let us dine together. There’s Max. Schroeder of the Dragons here, and Berkeley, and one or two other fellows you know, who all dine together. Max. will speak English, and it is the best fun you ever heard.”

“With all my heart,” returned he, changing his tone in a moment to one of reckless gaiety, though I could see he was disappointed at my apparent want of sympathy; “with all my

.

heart; when do you dine? I believe the Germans think of nothing but dining; and as for you—your own mother would not know you from one of them.”

“German, or no German,” said I, “let us have a ride before dinner. I have two horses, and will lend you one.”

“Not to-day, not to-day,” answered Howard, putting his hand rather unsteadily into mine; “I am engaged to shoot at a mark with—with Adolph Money.”

“Well, take care of him,” said I. “Don’t get too intimate. I neither like your acquaintance nor your occupation with him much. Where on earth is the joke of putting leaden pellets into a tow target or an inch board?”

“It may be useful, you know, some day,” answered Howard, with a forced laugh: “who knows?”

“Good bye till dinner, then,” said I, and we each took different streets and parted.

As I had nothing at all to do that afternoon, and had counted on passing it with William Howard, I should have accompanied him even to the shooting-gallery, but that I liked so little to be in the society of the painter. Left alone,

therefore, I wandered about the quaint, high, narrow streets, little thinking that I was on the eve of an adventure which was to colour my future life for months.

The reader will know, if he has lived long in any of the German towns, that the practice of bill-sticking there is carried to such perfection as to do away with at least nine-tenths of the advertisements in newspapers ; and I had not got far when an immense placard, singling itself out at once from the rest, and covering the walls of the Zwinger, attracted my attention. It was a bold staring bill about a yard long, and written in immense characters, while the picture of a man turned upside down, and drinking a glass of water on horseback, gave it still farther claims on the notice of passers by. In a word, it was the manner in which Herr Renz, the German Franconi, thought proper to announce his advent at Dresden ; and, on walking down to the place where my horses were standing, I found that Herr Renz and his famous troop of Kunst-Reiters had put up their marvellous stud at the same stables.

These horses really do anything but talk ; and the highest feats of Mr. Batty, Franconi,

and the late Mr. Ducrow sink into nothing beside the extraordinary things done by the beautiful animals he has trained. I had little inclination generally, however, for seeing such things by the glare of gaslight, and bewildered with noisy music, for compassion for the horses is quite enough to overcome any other feeling; but I could admire heartily the perfect points of some half-dozen of the finest stallions I had ever seen, as they arrived one after the other, and were carefully stabled. I was still thus engaged, and holding an interesting conversation with my groom, who said, "It was all so unnatural like, that he could'nt make it out nohow," when—

But I think what follows deserves another chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FOLLIES OF YOUTH.

I DO not think, even now that I have lived a long while in the world, and all early illusion is gone by, that I ever saw so pretty a woman as Nancy Bowyers. A fair angel beauty it was. You might have thought, with but little effort of imagination, that some fine May morning she would spread her wings and fly away, while cherubs beckoned, and while seraphs sang. She was rather above the middle height, slender, yet well formed. Her hair was neither what is called auburn or golden, or, still less,

flaxen. It was the colour of light, and fine as gossamer; it looked almost like a halo round her head. Her complexion was pure and transparent as alabaster, with a colour like the doubtful bloom upon a ripening peach. The mouth was shaped like a delicate bow, and the nose might have served as a model for a sculptor. Her eyes were dark blue, with dark lashes, and their glance went through you. I have never since seen such expressive eyes as they were; now sparkling with the bold, careless, flashing glance of a Di. Vernon, and now softening into such gentle womanly tenderness. Had Nancy been a countess, she would have been a world's wonder. Let me try to remember, through the lapse of time, what she was.

"Ladee! Ladee! Box! Box!" cried a soft laughing voice, and two vicious-looking bull dogs sprang over the door of the circus (which adjoined my stables, and was part of the same building), and stood looking at the speaker with their dogged sagacious eyes.

"Those are fine dogs," said I; "they are happy in having such a mistress."

"Yees!" answered their mistress in a broad

North-country accent, and laughing, and blushing slightly. "They tease me about having such pets, but I have got used to them."

I do not remember what I said, or what she said farther, but I very well recollect finding myself walking up and down the promenade an hour or two afterwards, engaged in a very interesting conversation with my new acquaintance, who was one of M. Renz's company, and whose name figured in the bills of the performance as "Mist'is Nancy;" and, altogether heedless of the astonished glances that followed us, I dare say it was plainly evident to every one who saw us that I was making very fierce love to "Mist'is Nancy;" but I am sure I did not know it myself. All I remember was, being a good deal amused, and a little annoyed, at a certain mincing air of gentility which she assumed, and the names of men of rank which she dragged into her conversation without any reason, always speaking of them with a sort of familiarity that surprised me, and made me feel uncomfortable.

Every day after this, and almost every hour, we were constant companions. I breakfasted with her and some of the troupe every morn-

ing. We rode out and dined together in the afternoon, and supped together after the performance. How I began to love her! my whole boyish heart was given to her. I have stolen her glove, or a flower from a bouquet that I had given her, to keep with me during the short and feverish hours of absence. I grew uneasy at her position in the troupe, and jealous of so many eyes seeing her at night—that wild and beautiful horsewoman. I proposed to her to leave it, and to become a deco-rous person, and dress in silver grey. I am quite sure, if anything had happened to part us then, I could not have survived it.

Meantime I forgot my travels, and my hopes, and my boyish undefined ambition—I forgot the whole world—everything but her. The world, however, did not forget me. The mad young Englishman and the beautiful “*kunst-reiterinn*” became the talk, and I dare say the derision, of the whole place; and at last one day, when, by some rare chance, I was taking my dinner alone in an hotel, came the beginning of the end.

“Ha! Evelyn, is that you?” cried a good-humoured voice, and looking round I saw Sir

Harcourt Berkeley, whom I had lost sight of lately, as I had of every one else. He immediately got up, however, and crossing over to my table, we were soon talking and laughing joyously over old times.

“What on earth do you do with yourself?” Harcourt said, at the first pause.

“Oh! I get through the day as well as I can,” I answered.

“But one never sees you,” resumed Harcourt. “I have been to look you up half-a-dozen times, but the people here all say you have gone mad; and when I asked them what they meant by that, and whether you were locked up, they said, ‘Oh, no; you were only like all other Englishmen’—just as I was myself, when I first came!”

“Not so bad, that!”

“But tell me, weally, Walter, who on earth have you got hold of? The whole town is talking about you and ‘Mistris Nancy.’ Pwetygal she is, too, if it’s she! I saw her at Berlin; she was living with some Wussian fellow.”

I flushed scarlet, and then felt cold as ice; but, by a strong effort, I restrained some tremendous words that were rising to my lips, or

perhaps I was too angry to let them find vent at once.

"Come along with me to St. Petersburg," continued Harcourt, finishing the second bottle of champagne: "Mistress Nancy is not fit for such a fellow as you. She is a regular 'lionne,' too; stands on her head, or something of that kind, in the circus, doesn't she,—flesh-coloured tights, stilts, and that sort of thing—eh? I hear Herr what's-his-name bought her of a man who kept a wild-beast show!"

"Berkeley," said I, very grandly, and trembling with emotion, "*Miss* Anne Bowyers is my friend,—she may some day have a dearer title,—you have foully and basely slandered her, and, as she has no natural protector, I myself will insist on the satisfaction that a brother would compel you to give to him."

A loud laugh followed this tirade, and cooled me a little; Harcourt did not think I was in earnest.

"But, my dear Berkeley, you have been deceived about her, believe me; she is the best-hearted, the most charming, the most beautiful girl in the world!"

"Hum,—and so on," returned Harcourt;

"I don't say anything about her heart or her looks; a horse may be a vewey good stepper, you know, my boy, and yet not go quiet in harness."

"What on earth has a horse to do with Miss Bowyers?" said I, indignant.

"Oh, nothing, of course not; but as for my being deceived,—I certainly have not been, for I knew Knockearoff, or some such name, vewey well, and he fleeced me out of about £200 at billiards. Willoughby, of the embassy, swore she used to telegwaph to him."

"Then Willoughby lied," said I, all on fire.

"Well, you had better tell *him* that; I did not say so."

"I do not care whether you did or not, you shall unsay it."

"I certainly shall do no such thing. The woman is as well known as that you are making a fool of yourself." Berkeley began to look wicked.

"By Heaven, you shall unsay it," said I, striking the table till the glasses chattered, "or you shall answer to me for it."

"Well, I am weady, I will punch your head at once, if you like," returned my companion,

heated and fuddled with wine ; he thought perhaps we were still at Harrow.

A tremendous row followed this unlucky speech, and there was a short struggle, half-a-dozen tables overturned, a great crash of glass, and I stood very much punished, and covered with blood, but victorious ; while Harcourt lay speechless on the floor amid the ruins, and surrounded with a host of frightened waiters and grinning diners, who had rushed to see what was the joke.

It must have been very early next morning when I was at Nancy's lodgings (for it had been arranged that Harcourt and I were to fight each other in due form at seven). The morning was raw, with a slight mist falling, and the air was of the colour, and almost of the consistency, of pea-soup, for fogs are by no means confined to England.

Nancy was not up, and I stood looking out of the window and counting the rain-drops till she came to me. I was in no very pleasant frame of mind, though as yet far too excited for reflection or common sense. I was confused too, and a little maudlin ; indeed my eyes must have been wet when she entered, for I had been thinking of my poor mother, and of

the life-long pain and shame she would feel if I fell in a vulgar brawl.

Nancy did not keep me long waiting, however, for alarmed at my early visit she tripped into the room in terrible dishabille. Like most actresses she was never dressed till late in the day.

"You are come early this morning," she said. "Maria! Maria! where has that girl got to? Never mind, dear, breakfast will soon be ready. Well! are you good? You are not going to scold me again?"

"Oh! no; not now."

"Well! what then? you know I am made so—such a careless good-for-nothing thing—I can't help it. Sit down, now, and I will go and put up my hair. You see I do all I can to please you."

"Stay, Nancy, come and sit down here," said I, gravely.

"Well! here I am. But, my boy, what is the matter with you?" And she took my hand and petted it. I believe even now that she was very fond of me. She must have been, I loved her so earnestly, with such a hearty unselfish affection.

And then I told her what had happened the

night before ; how she had been slandered, and how I had defended her, and fought for her ; and how I was going to fight again with more serious weapons ; and how, thinking I might fall, I had come to say farewell to her, and tell her once more how dearly I loved her, and how I hoped that if the worst came she would go to my mother and comfort her, and tell her that I had lost my life in the righteous defence of the woman I loved better than life. "And, dear Nancy," I ended, "you must quit this life ; all I have shall be one day yours. If I die you are my heiress ; and may you live long and happy with one worthier than me, though none can ever love you so dearly."

As I spoke her grasp tightened on my hand, and her features twitched convulsively.

"Walter ! Walter !" she said, "you are not going to fight for me, dear ? not for me ? Ah ! I knew they would not let us be happy much longer together."

"Dear Nancy, you do not grudge me the pride of defending you—my own heart ?"

"Yes, yes. There, now I have given you a kiss, let us forget all about fighting, and go to breakfast."

I kissed her on the forehead very gently, and very, very tenderly pressed her hand, and turned to go; but she held me with a grip of iron. I did not think that delicate hand had been so strong.

"Walter!—oh, God! Walter!—let them be, dear, I don't care for them, Walter. Stay, dear, dear Walter, do stay with me. It is all nonsense now about the fighting—you only do it to frighten me—say?" and she tried to laugh.

"There is no nonsense in it, Nancy," said I, "and I must fight with him; I am the challenger; and do you think I would allow even the breath of scandal to sully your dear name, unavenged? you, who are one day to be my wife!"

"Hush! hush dear; *I* can't be your wife."

"Why not?" I asked gently; "have I a rival?"

"Oh, no; you know you have not."

"What then?"

"Tut—come now, and sit down with me quietly?"

"Dear Nancy, the time is flying; but tell me why you can't be my wife?"

"Because you will find some one better than me."

"And who, so beautiful and so good?"

"There, now, it is all over about the fighting."

I rose and took my hat; but she planted herself before the door, and clung to my arm, deadly pale. "Walter! you must not—you cannot fight for *me*!"

"What! not punish your slanderer?" I cried, almost fiercely, and trying to disengage my arm.

"Walter! Walter! you break my heart!"

Again I tried gently to release myself, but in vain.

"Do you know this fellow Berkeley?" I asked carelessly: "did you ever hear of him—Sir Harcourt Berkeley?"

Nancy hung her head so low, so low.

"Tell me! tell me!" I now continued rapidly, "and a Russian—at Berlin, Nancy?"

With her hand always tightening on my arm, and her beautiful head falling lower and lower, she said the terrible word "Yes," and then let go my arm and sunk upon her knees, and her face and neck were scarlet, and then, as she

burst into an hysterical passion of tears, I left her to keep my appointment.

It was not with a very pleasant feeling after this that I saw myself standing before an old schoolfellow pistol in hand. The duel, however, was soon over, Harcourt's first shot striking me in the right arm just as I had raised it to fire in the air ; and when I fainted a little while afterwards, from the pain, it was Nancy who supported my head, and my eyes opened on the cocked hats and jack boots of the gens-d'armes she had brought just too late to prevent the duel.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

I WAS six weeks or more in bed after this, and passed the time in reading the whole of the Waverley novels through over again. Nancy stayed and attended me night and day, till I got well; but I was cured of my love. We were excellent friends, however, and she would laugh that merry North-country laugh, and sing and chatter to me for hours together. I could never get her to read; she used to say she could not make out the hard words. But her clear, childish voice was the last thing I generally heard going to sleep, and the first

thing waking. She had very little idea of any sentiment between us, and thought simply that I had been very mad and very silly, and told me so without scruple. I have never heard so many songs before or since, as I heard in that getting-well time: such wild, childish snatches of old Border lullabies and love songs. Nancy never knew a song all through, but her stock was inexhaustible, and she had an exquisite ear for music, with a voice like a bird. She was perfectly in her element, too, in my sick room, and had it in a state of litter and confusion after her own heart. There was what she called a bread-pudding, made of all sorts of impossible things, (just to try how they would taste,) constantly cooking on the splendid gilt and marble fire-place, (I had changed my old lodgings to get rid of the neighbourhood of the Baron,) with gruel, and sago, and sausages, and all kinds of things frizzling away on their own hook. She had a great genius for expedients, too. My large gilt shaving-brush, bought for show in Paris, long before I had any beard, was enlarged till it cracked all over, and made a capital egg-cup. Some of the choicest articles of my dressing-case, the very pride of

Asprey, were used to make French toast. Her bull-dogs slept for a long time in my sable cloak, and my silk stockings were regularly used up for poultices before she came to my best shirts. She was never easy, either, unless dressed in my clothes, with a pair of false moustaches, and my yeomanry sword on.

My sick room became a sort of rendezvous for all the idle people in the place, and we used to have tea and cigars going on all night. A large jorum of that seductive fluid stood in my wash-hand jug, always ready, and was served out in wine glasses, ready sweetened; Nancy herself preferred drinking out of an eau de Cologne bottle, with the neck off. She never left me from nine or ten in the morning, when she came up to my bed, squeezing an orange, or peeling an apple with one of my razors, till she ran away to dress for the circus, and directly she had made her last jump on "her fiery courser as the Bride of the Desert," (see hand-bills,) she was off to me again. She used to say she had never been so happy before in her life, and I believed her; I am sure she was sorry when I got well. She was always bringing me presents, the most useless things pos-

sible, of course, and spent an incredible sum that way, as I found out afterwards, by having to pay it for her. She ordered things in my name, without the least idea of there being anything wrong in it, and ran in debt herself, by turns, all over the place.

As for Harcourt, he believed, at first, that he had killed me, and fled as far as the railway, haunted with the idea that he was a murderer. Being promptly pursued by his second, he began to accuse himself bitterly, and insisted on giving himself up to justice, which would have been an awkward thing for all of us. When, at length, however, he learned I had only got a shot in the arm, he returned, and could never be got out of my room night and day. He insisted, even, on bandaging my arm, and did it up so zealously and tightly, that I was obliged to get Nancy secretly to loosen the bandages. He suffered a great deal more than I did, and grew, indeed, seriously ill from unnecessary watching and fatigue; but oh, woman! Nancy and he became the best friends in the world. His property lay mostly in the North, and they would gossip half the day about familiar places and people; he

smoking cigars, and she making one of those dear, impossible puddings. At last, I believe, he would have married her himself if she would have had him; but his acres and title were nothing to her. She was a gipsy by nature, and would have died in six months in any steady, respectable position that could have been offered her.

I was lying one day in this precious confusion: Nancy was trying on my last new hat in the looking-glass, and Harcourt blowing peas through a pop-gun at the people in the street, when there came a ring at the bell.

Now, there are as many kinds of rings as there are of knocks. There is the stealthy, hushed summons of the doctor calling on a patient; the timid ring of the beggar, as if the bell handle were of hot iron; the jerking single ring of the tradesman; the angry pull of the dun; and the boisterous call of your old schoolfellow, accompanied by a noise that is enough to shake the door down. But the present ring was none of these. It made us all quiet in a moment. Nancy ran away from the glass, and hid herself in the wardrobe, and Harcourt left off the ingenious occupation in

which he was engaged, and turned round to listen. It was a grave, authoritative ring, such as might have announced a tutor or an offended uncle.

Presently my servant came in and announced Mr. Morland and Lord Lorton. The first was the English minister, and the latter one of the last respectable friends of my father.

Mr. Morland was an imposing looking man, something above the middle height, and very well and carefully dressed. He might have been a young fifty, or he might have been less. He was still handsome, and, if his figure had lost something of the elasticity of youth, it had preserved all the elegance. His tailor, I dare say, had not altered his measure since he was two-and-twenty. He had had rather a prosperous career in life, and deserved it, for he was a man of high honour and principle, who had passed with credit (though not with high distinction) through every position in which he had been placed. He was one of those immaculate, blameless men, who would have looked with the same horror on a crease in his conduct, as on one in his coat, and would have tolerated neither. He had a good deal

of success in society, yet had never been married. He was fond of horses, reputed a good connoisseur in painting and music, and gave the best and quietest dinners possible to half-a-dozen guests, and he never invited more. Yet, with these tastes, he had saved money even by his profession, an uncommon thing, for he was shrewd and wary in business, and never wasted a sixpence. Upon the whole, he was a fair type of the old school of English diplomatists—a proud, just, honourable man. He smiled seldom, and never laughed heartily; he had his own set stock of jokes, not very bright or original, but every one of them had been heard at the table of a king. He had an extensive knowledge of life, too, and had, of course, met most of the celebrated men of his day, and had something to say about them if he liked, but he had not a very accurate or just notion of character. He seldom unbent; but if he did, the very rarity of the smile and frank word gave them a charm; but, before you had time to seize it, it had vanished. Friends he had few, but firm ones, and all men of high rank and character; he gave, indeed, far more than its due consideration to rank. Horace

Walpole, however, would not have been his friend, but neither would Chatterton or any other man of mere genius. For books and book-men he had a sort of well-bred contempt, and looked upon the scholar and the author as people not belonging to society, but like tumblers and rope-dancers, made to amuse, and be paid for it. He would only be on terms of the most distant acquaintance with a clergyman who was not a bishop, or a dean at least; a soldier must be a colonel or a nobleman, if he shook hands with him. He would have dined with the Lord Chancellor, or any of the Judges, perhaps even with the Solicitor or Attorney-General, but would certainly have refused the venison of a Q. C. or his worship of Bow Street. He had a look and manner about him that froze other people into thinking him the most unpleasant fellow they had ever seen; and, much as he was respected, he was a good deal laughed at and more disliked. His apparent coldness, perhaps, was at bottom only manner, for he could do a kind thing, though he did not know how to do it graciously, and to receive a favour from him was like having hot coals heaped on one's head. In a word, he

was a most excellent man; but some mischievous chance only had made him a diplomatist. Never was a man more unfitted for the task of conciliation and persuasion, for wherever there was a tender place he touched it, and had a sort of genius for combing every body's hair the wrong way. It was his nature, and he could not help it.

Such as I have endeavoured to describe him, he was; an awful man to pay a visit to a scapegrace; and so he seemed to me when my eyes fell upon his immaculate cravat, and descended unconsciously to the small, varnished boot that set off the neatest foot I ever saw.

"How do you do, Mr. Evelyn?" he said, in an unpleasant and rather affected voice. "I have just heard from your mother, Lady Herbert Evelyn, who is very anxious about you, and wishes me to have you sent home immediately. Good day to you, Sir Harcourt."

Harcourt bowed stiffly. The pleasant smile faded with which he had at first greeted the minister, with whom he had dined the day before, and the outstretched hand was withdrawn, not at the words, but at the intolerably offen-

sive manner in which they were spoken. I flushed up to my ears.

"You know my friend, Lord Lorton?" continued Mr. Morland, pronouncing the words 'my friend' as if he had a peculiar property in that nobleman, and that he was his friend and nobody else's. Indeed, Lord Lorton was one of the few persons who had courage and good humour enough to have got beyond mere acquaintance with the minister.

"Oh yes," said Lord Lorton kindly, "Walter and I know each other very well, don't we? What have you been about here, my boy? I am afraid you have been getting into a scrape. Lady Herbert wrote to me, at Berlin, and I came on here, at once, to see what I can do for you."

"There is nothing at all the matter, my Lord," said I; "but, I suppose, my mother got frightened at my getting Harcourt to write to her, instead of writing myself."

"Yes, just so," said Mr. Morland; "and telling her you had sprained your wrist at—fives—was it not? let me see!" (and he took out the letter) "Yes, at fives! when Galignani and all the papers were ringing with your duel affair."

"Come, we won't be hard upon him for that," said Lord Lorton; "Lady Herbert is nervous, and, I suppose, he did not wish to alarm her."

"Well," said Morland; "I have nothing to do with that; Lady Herbert has written to me to get him out of this mess, and sent me some money for him, if it be necessary, and I have no objection to let him have some more, if he wants it. These kind of scrapes always make debts, and, I hear, this young gentleman is by no means free from them."

"I have no debts, sir, but what I can pay," said I, growing red and white under this rough handling.

"Very well, then, I shall reinclose Lady Herbert Evelyn's draft, and send it by the courier to-day, though I had been informed otherwise. You had better be frank, young gentleman."

"I am frank."

"Ha! and are you prepared to start and give up this *Dulcinea del Toboso* again?"

"I don't understand you," said I; "and I do not care to do so."

"I mean your rope-dancing friend."

I saw the door of poor Nancy's wardrobe tremble, and part of my hat come peeping out, but, just then, she caught Harcourt's eye, and it was withdrawn. "I do not see why I should be cross-questioned in this way," said I; "I will write to my mother, myself."

"With a broken arm?" said Mr. Morland.

"The doctor told me, to-day, I might use it," answered I, moving it about recklessly, and in great pain.

"Very well, then, my mission is ended."

"Walter does not mean to be rude, I am sure, Morland," said Lord Lorton; "he is a very good fellow, but you are a little rough with him."

"I do not intend to be rough with him," answered the minister; "I come here on a mission of kindness, and I will consent, if you wish it, to retain Lady Herbert Evelyn's draft in my hands three days before returning it."

"You may return it, at once, Mr. Morland," said I; "I do not want my mother's money, if you will give me her letter," and my eyes began to fill.

The minister looked touched, and, after hesitating a moment, drew out the letter from

an elegant pocket-book, very carefully folded and docketed, and handed it to me. "Here is your mother's letter," he said, and then added, with one of those brief, natural smiles, which he seemed always on the watch to repress, lest you should take the liberty of liking him, in spite of his irritating manner, "I am going on duty, to-night, at Prince Hornstein's. There is a great ball there (I could take you, if you were well enough). So, as I can't see you again to-day, I will come to-morrow, and leave you now to think over your mother's letter. And, now, good day to you." The brief smile had vanished, and the minister took up his hat as stiffly as a gentlemanly beadle.

"Good-bye, Walter, I will come in again after dinner," said Lord Lorton, and the next minute the door closed on my visitors.

"I never could stand a fellow who said Good day to you," said Sir Harcourt Berkeley, with an air of great disgust.

"Lor, that's the Britch Hambass'der! what a poker of a fellow he is!" said Nancy, in a hushed voice.

"Dites donc," said the Count de Lavaignac,

who entered as Lord Lorton and Mr. Morland went out; "n'est pas Morland a été dans le temps Commis Voyageur?"

"Non, mon cher," answered I, laughing, "ces choses n'arrivent qu'en France."

"Il en a l' air, cependant," said the lively Count, who could not make the stately Englishman out at all.

CHAPTER XVII.

Let experience now decide,
'Twixt the good and evil tried.

"AND so then, Mr. Evelyn, this is the last evening I shall ever see you, for ever and ever," said Nancy, who had begun to call me Mr. Evelyn lately.

"Don't say, for ever," said I; "ever is a long day."

"Well, they have been pleasant times, and you won't forget me easily."

"Indeed, I shall not," returned I, laying down a book I was reading, for she had come upon me rather suddenly; and I was so used to her, during my illness, that her flighty

comings and goings did not disturb me. "I shall remember you longer than you will me, I dare say."

"Poof!" exclaimed Nancy. "You men do not know what love is, or memory either; you will forget me before you have been gone a week. Of course, though, I could not expect anything else,—a poor girl like me. It was not likely you would care about me long, of course. I am not pretty,—and am not clever,—and"—. Here Nancy began to cry.

"Why, Annie," said I, "I thought we had both agreed to be good friends; and did not you tell me, yourself, the other day, that I was a silly boy ever to have thought of anything else?"

"Well, so I suppose you were, Mr. Evelyn," answered Annie, laughing through her tears,—for it was the character of this young lady very often to laugh and cry at the same time; a habit which added considerably to the charms of her person. "But you need not be studyin', studyin', those weary books for all that."

"I have put down the book. I should have done it at once but that I did not know you

might be gone before I could shut it," returned I, humbly.

"For my part," said Annie, "I can't think what you are always reading for, you will spoil your eyes; indeed, you are getting quite to squint already." The charming creature was always angry when any one agreed with her.

"Complimentary! young lady," replied I, raising my eyebrows, a way which I had learned in foreign parts.

"No, it is n't exactly complimentary, Mr. Evelyn, but it is the truth; and why do you do such silly things? You had quite pretty eyes before you went and got yourself shot like a goosie, and then took to those weary, weary, books. What is in them all?

"But, I know," continued she. "Do you think I don't know you better than you know yourself? I can see through you just as if you were made of glass. You are studying to be a great, great, clever man some day. You won't be half so amiable." My charming friend, I believe, had been reading novels lately and improved her English.

"Why not?" said I. "You never find me

sulky or ill-tempered, do you? I am very sorry for it if you do."

"No, but you have altered. How you have altered, to be sure. Grown so grave and serious like. You seem to have grown a little old man all at once. What's the matter with you?"

Dear reader, do you ever remember to have passed, as it were, all at once into another age of life, with another set of thoughts and feelings? and do you recollect how suddenly the knowledge of that change came upon you, and how surprised you felt when told of it? I never was more astonished in my life than when told I had got a large nose after the small pox."

"I am altered, Annie," said I.

"Sure enough you are," she answered, sighing in her impatient way. "You are not like the same man; I don't know what I would not give to hear you come bounding up the stairs three steps at once again, singing and laughing, and then, a joke with my maid, open flew the door, and there was my Walter. Heigho! whose Walter will you be now? You must be Mr. Evelyn to me!"

"And so, Annie, I am never to be a lad again ; you tell me so, and I feel it."

"Stuff!" said she, "youth isn't over at twenty, it is just beginning ; and why you should look so grave I can't for the life of me understand ; oh dear !"

"Nor I," replied I, speaking rather to myself than to her, for illness had made me sentimental, "except that so it is. I feel that I have wasted enough of life, and I must now try to win a name and high place in the world before I die."

"Yes, just as I said ; you want to be famous," said Annie, jealously, "and would rather be talked about than be loved. And what is your fame ? a line or two in the newspapers, for the loss of all that makes life pleasant ; and then people say, when you die, you were a great man ; but none weep for you. Is this what you want ?"

"And this little lecture," said I, "is all because you found me reading a book when you came in, and, looking over my shoulder, saw that it was not a novel. But you have talked enough about me, now talk a little about

yourself, and tell me what you are going to do."

"Oh ! never mind me, I shall do well enough as I have done." The girl's face darkened, too, as she spoke.

"Why don't you go back to England," said I, "and marry, and live quietly?"

"I could not live in England a week with your stiff church-going ways : and as for marrying an Englishman, I would not do so if you paid me for it. They all beat their wives, and sell them too, don't they?"

"Come, Annie," said I, "let me write to my mother about you. She is so kind-hearted, I know you would like her ; just the sort of person you would get on with. Go and live with her, and then tell me, six months hence, if you are not happier than leading this feverish, restless life."

"Lord, no ! it is just what I am made for," returned this lively young lady ; "I should get tired of any other in a week, and it would get tired of me ; besides, though I did not tell you so when you loved me, I really like it ; the music, and the lights, and the spangles, and

clapping of hands, is as necessary to me as your books are to you. I never could live one of your respectable English lives. It is not in me. I used to tell you I would, and let you run on as you liked, because I saw it pleased you ; but I never could have been broken in to it.

‘ A short life, and a merry one ;

A little man, and a cheery one.’

I shan’t last long at it ; but then, I’m not fit for anything else.”

“ You are fit for anything you like,” said I, “ if you would not be so reckless. I am rich, and have nobody dependent on me. Let me provide for you, and, even if you will not come to England, still quit your present companions.”

“ Don’t speak to me that way,” returned Annie, “ or you will make me cry again. My bed is made, and I must lie upon it. I don’t want money, either, from any body, least of all from you, and if I had thousands I should only waste it.”

“ As you will, then,—but promise me, if you ever change your mind, to write to me.

Remember, Mr. Walter Evelyn, Marsden Court, Hants."

"What, are you a Hampshire man, and live at Marsden too? I've heard my father speak of Marsden Court, often and often. Did'nt it belong to old Lord Winnington?"

"Yes," returned I, "and it is now mine, Annie."

"My grandfather used to live there; he was game-keeper to the old lord. Ah! he was a bad man, but not so bad as his son," said Annie.

"His son! why, do you mean the present Lord Winnington?"

"I don't know whether he is Lord Winnington now, he used to be Lord Brandon."

"Yes, the second title."

"My poor father," continued Annie, "was transported for him."

"Transported?" exclaimed I.

"Yes, that he was. He went up to Oxford College with him as valet, and then Lord Brandon took him to Italy; and when they got home my father knew so many of his secrets that Lord Brandon wanted to get rid of him,

and swore he had stolen a gold watch, which had been put into his trunk; and so he was brought to trial, and Lord Brandon's own uncle was the judge, and he was transported for fifteen years."

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed I.

"Yes," Annie went on, "it's as true as gospel. But father was so steady that he got on very well where he was sent to, and married mother, and was doing well, but he would return to England, and went down to Marsden to see grandfather, and tell him that he was innocent. But grandfather would not speak to him, and nobody believed his story, and then he took to drinking, and died, and mother died soon afterwards, and I was left alone, and nobody would have anything to say to me, and if I had not had good looks I might have starved."

"Did not you see Lord Winnington, or write to him?"

"Oh, yes, he had father taken up for poaching, though he was innocent, and he got sent to prison. It was that broke his heart, and mother's too; she was a decent, religious, Yorkshire woman, whose family had emigrated, and she had been always brought up so well,

that she used to do nothing but cry all day long after father was sent to prison. She never knew about his former trouble, for his time was out when he married her."

"But why did you not go to her friends?"

"I did," answered Annie; "she had a good many relations in Yorkshire, and they took me in very kindly at first, till Lord Brandon came visiting in the neighbourhood, and happened to see me."

"Well?"

"Why, he wanted to make love to me, and I hated him, and told everybody how he had behaved to father; and then he put it about that father had been transported, and I was no better than I should be; so mother's relations would not have anything to do with me after that."

"What did you do then?" I asked.

"Why, finding they wanted to get rid of me, I ran away, and that made them think it was all true. There was a young miller, too, who wanted to marry me, but I would not bring the disgrace upon him."

"Disgrace," said I, "there was no disgrace."

"It was just the same; his relations thought so, and I was too proud to go begging and despised both into his family. So I went to London, and then got on to France, for I meant to return where father had been sent when he was transported. But," added poor Annie, with a heavy sigh, "I did not get very far on the road."

We both of us were silent for some time after this. The heart knows its own bitterness, and I could feel keenly for the poor, forlorn, beautiful woman, before me, who had thus become a castaway. At length she broke the pause by bursting out in a reckless song, as if she was determined to drive all regret and thought away. "After all," she said, "I am as happy as I should have been as a poor man's wife. What a time I should have had of it, darning stockings and making puddings. Poor Tom, he would have tried to make me happy too. But you see now what mischief one man may do in the world."

My preparations for departure were soon made, and the leavetakings of a foreigner are brief affairs, which may indeed be done for the most part by that best of all possible deputies

a piece of cardboard. I had gained plenty of experience in two years, and found that society has managed wonderfully well to save itself unpleasant scenes of any kind, and that we need never put ourselves much out of the way when we have learned the art of living in it. Of all unpleasant scenes one of the worst is that of formal leavetaking, as I had found out in London. The most indifferent person expects that you will express regret at his departure, though there is perhaps no earthly reason why you should; and really, after we have lived a certain time in the world, we get so casehardened, so economical of our regrets about anything or anybody, that it is a great bore to be obliged to hunt for and display the very sensation we are always trying to get rid of. The world has seldom been wiser than when it thought of that admirable institution a card-case. Imagine, only, if we were obliged (as people, I suppose, must have been in the good old times, and I had fancied, myself, in London) to go round personally to some five or six hundred people, who don't care a button about us, to announce that we are just married, or just come home, or just going abroad, or

that our father having died suddenly we are no longer Mr. Smith, but Lord Brown, with a place in the country, and a vote in the legislature, and expect to be asked to dinner, and looked up to by managing mamas as an eligible party accordingly. Formal visiting is at any time bad enough, but formal visits on awkward or delicate occasions would be far beyond all human patience to endure. There are also plenty of very good people with whom we would rather be on good terms than bad ones, and yet do not desire to be brought frequently into personal contact with them; bores of all kinds, and elderly ladies, our uncle the dean, for instance, and that awful man our wife's second cousin the Nabob, who may leave us some money, or may not.

William Howard, however, parted from me with real sadness, though I could see he almost grudged himself the time to shake hands with me. "My father shall be proud of me yet," said he, "I am working very hard, and you will hear of me soon."

"I wish," said I, "you would go more into society, and toil less ardently and fitfully. I should think more hopefully of your success,

though I feel that whatever you are doing you will do well, if you keep your attention fixed upon it, and give it time enough."

"I do go into society," said he ; "mornings for work ; afternoons, that is, an hour before dinner, for a walk ; and evenings for society."

"Good !" said I, "if you keep to it ; but how is it I have met you so seldom ? where do you go ?"

"Oh, to Madame de Moncy's. It's the pleasantest house here. Berkeley's been there lately too, I introduced him. He did not get on very well with Madame, but the painter and he are great friends."

"You are determined, then, to be intimate with those people ?" said I.

"Come, you are jealous," answered William, with a forced attempt at gaiety ; though a shadow passed over his face as he added, "It is my fate, I suppose."

"Nonsense," said I, "you are dreaming again. Come along to England, with Berkeley and me, and try to shake off this unhealthy temper of mind which has got hold of you."

"I will follow you, Evelyn,—but not yet."

"Well, then, let it be soon, at all events

you will be in England, I hope, for my coming of age. There are to be all sorts of grand doings at Marsden. My mother is already busy about them."

"Of course," said he, "I will be among the first to congratulate you upon coming into your estates. Ah! Evelyn, what a career is before you; I could almost envy you. A poor dog of a fellow like me has no grand objects in life; he is obliged to content himself with little aims, and little means of attaining them. There are so many curses in that bitter one of poverty."

"But you need not remain poor except you like," returned I; "it is mere wilfulness, because with your abilities you may be anything you please. Why don't you study for the bar?"

"I mean to do so," rejoined the man whose mind had too many sides to it; "that is, if I do not succeed in literature. Berkeley, however, has offered me a living, if I like to take orders, for Mr. Sinclair has given away his, and—do you think I should do for a parson?"

“ You would do for anything,” said I, “ but do not halt between two opinions, as your father says.”

“ Did my father say so ? He is always right. Halting between two opinions is my ruin.”

THE END OF VOL. II.



